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Cease-fire
in Vietnam

Friday, January 26, 1973

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Israel's current military strength is the only thing which prevents neighbouring Arab states from heating up their borders with Israel. Rav-Aluf David Elazar told members of The Post's editorial staff in an interview this week. He said that 1972, his first year as Chief of Staff, saw the greatest-ever increase in the strength of the Israel Defence Forces. Military correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN reports.



Making Arab aggression expensive

THE Arab governments need not expect Israel to fight any future war according to their own rules of the game.

This was Rav-Aluf David Elazar's main prognosis for 1973. The past year, he noted, had been marked by relative peace; it might well be followed by a year of diplomatic initiatives, punctuated by Egyptian attempts to back up their claims with renewed firing.

"Should the Egyptians try another war of attrition," the Chief of Staff observed, "the Israel Defence Forces would view it as their main challenge to achieve a speedy and decisive victory. This way, they would free the Government from any possible military pressures while it was engaged in political negotiations."

Rav-Aluf Elazar said he was convinced that the Egyptians would very much like to renew the hostilities in an attempt to improve their bargaining position should 1973 indeed see the resumption of diplomatic efforts to resolve the Middle East crisis. He was just as certain, however, that Egypt is totally incapable of achieving even the slightest measure of success in the field, "since we are in a position, as never before, to prevent this."

He was of the opinion that Egypt's leaders are fully aware of their inability to win an all-out confrontation. Therefore "they may attempt to renew the war

of attrition as the second best alternative." While this would not provide Egypt with any military victory to speak of, it would at least result in the exchange of fire which they might regard as a necessary component in any diplomatic move.

Rav-Aluf Elazar had not the slightest doubt that the Egyptians would embark on this course if they could be sure that Israel would keep to the rules of the game — namely a war that would remain limited, with the I.D.F. retaliating "only as much as they would like us to retaliate, and hitting only the targets they wanted us to hit." He stressed that it was only the fact that "Egypt's leaders are aware of the danger that they are liable to get hit much harder than they intended, that deters them from embarking on a new war of attrition."

"From our point of view," he said, "I think it is forbidden to renew the combination of diplomatic initiatives and firing along the borders, as was the situation before the cease-fire. This is an unhealthy and undesirable combination for Israel."

Israel's refusal to play according to Arab rules applies equally strongly to Syria. The Syrians, said the Chief of Staff, have tried a policy of limited, sporadic aggression, the result of which would be more to secure Syria's role in the Arab

world — and silence any international criticism — than to damage Israel militarily. Getting hurt a little does not bother the Syrians, if in the process they can hurt Israel. It is a wholly different matter if they get hit back on a massive scale.

"It is up to us to make this type of activity so expensive for them that they will prefer peace and quiet," he said. Since the last flare-up along the border on January 8, the Golan Heights has remained quiet — a sign that perhaps Syria has realized that Israel will not tolerate any terrorist action from over the border, no matter how limited.

Rav-Aluf Elazar termed the last confrontation between Israel and Syria "massive," and said that Syria's losses ran into hundreds of killed and wounded, and were more comparable to losses suffered in war-time than in border incidents.

After the Munich murders early last September, Israel greatly intensified its activities against the terrorist movements which continue to have their centres in Beirut and Damascus. Apart from an isolated incident in the Har Dov region last week — when three busloads narrowly missed an army vehicle — the Lebanese border has been totally quiet for over four months, a fact the Chief of Staff attributes directly to Israel's policy of large-scale retaliation

against terrorism. He, for one, thought that the Har-Dov incident was an isolated one in view of the fact that the terrorist movements themselves — for the first time ever — denied that they had any part in the case. If this were not the case, he warned, and if the incident proved to be the start of a new round of terrorist activity from Lebanon, "then we will have to react accordingly."

Among those very badly hit by Israel forces in Lebanon were "volunteers" from Libya. Rav-Aluf Elazar thought this had more to do with their subsequent repatriation than Gaddafi's official announcement of dissatisfaction with the lack of "action" from Lebanon.

The Chief of Staff doubted that Israel's anti-terrorist activities would result in a greatly increased Soviet presence in Syria. Certainly he did not think it would ever match the proportions it had reached in Egypt.

"The Syrians have learned from the Egyptians' lesson that a massive Soviet presence necessarily entails a loss of national independence," he said.

"If the Syrians want to prevent Israeli retaliation," he said, "all they have to do is clamp down totally on terrorist activity from their territory. It's far simpler than calling on the Russians."

Syria's losses over recent months have been heavy, said Rav-Aluf Elazar, "and its high time they realized that they cannot challenge us militarily." He confirmed that the Syrian army is in possession of the Soviet-made "Sagger" anti-tank missile, hitherto thought to be in use only in Warsaw Pact countries. Egypt also has the missile, he said, but added that in his opinion, the direct repercussions on Israel were minimal. "I have always believed that the anti-tank missile will not revolutionize the concept of tank warfare, and so far, experience has borne me out."

In comparing the relative capabilities of the Israel and Syrian armed forces, the Chief of Staff revealed that "there are several pilots in the Israel Air Force who have downed a lot of planes, and — what's much more important — there are many more who have downed a few."

He stressed that the army spokesman, in his accounts of clashes with the enemy, "gives exact details of registered enemy and Israeli losses." It is important that people in Israel continue to believe in the spokesman, he said. In striving to report the truth, the army only releases enemy losses that have been proved beyond all shadow of doubt.

The fact that Arab army spokesmen continually reported highly exaggerated Israeli casualties did not worry the Chief of Staff, who felt that the credibility of the Israel spokesman was more important than unbalanced reports in the world press. "What is essential," he said, "is that in Israel the people know that they are being given a faithful account of the battles."

ALL in all, the Chief of Staff felt, 1972 had been a good year. In addition to general stabilization along the borders and success in limiting terrorist activity emanating from Syria and Lebanon, co-existence between the inhabitants of the administered territories and the citizens of Israel had reached an unprecedented level. One sure sign of this, he said, was that in Gaza terrorism had become the exception rather than the rule — a very different situation from previous years.

For the defence forces, Rav-Aluf Elazar said, 1972 had been a year of reorganization. This was intended to ensure that the arms purchased in 1972 are absorbed in 1973, and that despite the constant growth of the armed forces, the defence mechanism remains highly efficient. To achieve this, new units have been added and others abolished.

Since the standing army is the core which supports the larger reserve force, "we have to strive



Rav-Aluf Elazar at meeting in POST's offices this week. Counter clockwise, from upper left, are I.D.F. spokesman Aluf-Mishne Pinhas Lahav, POST Editor Ted Lurie, Hersh Goodman, Ya'akov Reuel, Sraya Shapiro, Mark Segal, Erwin Frenkel (in lower right corner), Shalom Cohen, Ari Esh and Sgan-Aluf Shmuel Tzachi, the army's chief liaison officer. (Photos by David Ruhinger)

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ELAZAR

(Continued from page 5)

ensure that while the standing army is kept at its present level, it is able to maintain a growing reserve force." Rav-Aluf Elazar is emphatic that no matter what military developments occur over the next five years, the defence forces must be strengthened continuously. The reason for the rise in defence expenditure (IL40,000m. in 1978, as projected by Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir, as compared with IL25,000m. in 1977) is that the arms of modern warfare are becoming more and more expensive. The price of a 1970 cost of IL100m. in 1977 cost IL150m. and the price of the next decade will cost four times that. The same was true for tanks and other equipment — all of which is becoming more sophisticated, sitting in higher purchase prices and higher maintenance costs.

He pointed out that the increases in expenditure, since one is not to take into account the reduction of money over the years.

Israel, Rav-Aluf Elazar said, is caught up in an arms race, though it was just as impossible to gain a numerical advantage over the Arab armies now as it is at the time of the Six Day War — Israel had managed to maintain the balance by stressing qualitative superiority. Other factors which enabled Israel to utilize the numerical edge of the Arabs were the tactical advantages inherent in the geographical status quo, and the biological motivation of the men in uniform. He stressed that, by a book, there is a direct correlation between borders and security. He did not know any military expert of stature who held a view that the tools of modern warfare had wiped out the importance of geographical advantage.

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It is not possible at present to cut the three-year stint young soldiers are required to serve, said the Chief of Staff. This would inevitably lead to a lowering in the over-all fighting capability of the army. Where border duty could be cut, reservists — who had already contributed their service to the state — were being rolled out of duty. If regular army service were shortened, this would affect the level of preparedness in the forces — something the country could ill-afford at present, especially in the light of bellicose statements from Egypt and tension along the Syrian front.

Rav-Aluf Elazar would not subscribe to the theory that the soldier of 1970 was any worse than his counterpart of a few years ago. Despite isolated cases of conscientious objection to serving in "an army of occupation" and threats from a number of high-school students not to don uniforms, the level of volunteers for specialized forces had not dropped. "The older generation always seem to think that those who come after them are not of the same mettle," he said, recalling that the soldiers who fought the Six Day War were defensively called the "Espresso generation" by their elders, because of the amount of time the youngsters allegedly spent in coffee bars.

The problem with the army of 1972, however, lay in the fact that little action was called for, and most soldiers spent the lion's share of their service maintaining the cease-fire. To combat boredom, the army had embarked on a massive programme of education — some 12 per cent of all soldiers are studying at the moment — and cultural activities.

"Needless to say, I am not in favour of a slovenly army or of an untidy soldier. The real question," explained the Chief of Staff, "is where we ought to be investing most of our effort. There are smarter-looking than ours. But to my mind the supreme test of the army is not its showing in parades, but on the battle-field where our boys have acquitted themselves quite nicely."

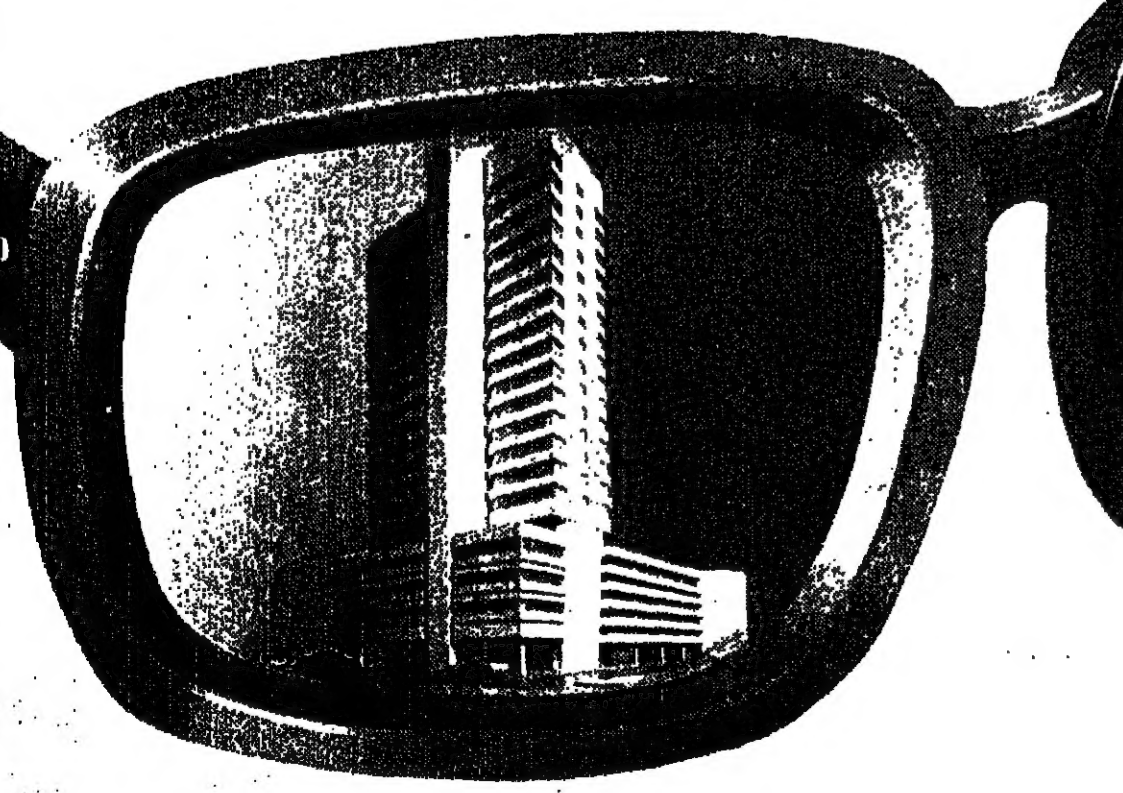
Answering criticism that the defence forces were too independent of Government control, Rav-Aluf Elazar said that the situation as it exists today "is the classic example of what the relations between the military and the Government should be in any advanced democratic country."

The army was completely subject to the control of the Minister of Defence, who had parliamentary responsibility for the armed forces. In addition, two Knesset committees, the Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee and the Finance Committee, were constantly briefed on all military developments — the latter having to approve all expenditure. He himself reported to these committees regularly, as did the Chief of Intelligence and other senior staff officers. Committee members visited military installations frequently and were kept completely in the picture at all times. The Cabinet was also kept informed, while every delicate matter was referred to the Prime Minister and the Ministerial Defence Committee. In addition to the constant contact between the army, the Knesset and the Government, the army was also subject to scrutiny by the State Comptroller.

In this connection, Rav-Aluf Elazar denied that the decision not to cut military service by three months was a unilateral one and said that both the Government and the Knesset Finance Committee had approved the decision.

There was general agreement, he observed, that this was vitally necessary to maintain the army's level of preparedness. Not that there was any feeling of anxiety about the outcome of any possible war with the Arabs — on the contrary. "This country and its army have never felt more secure, and for good reason, than they do today," said the Chief of Staff.

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Bread, few circuses

THE Knesset celebrated its anniversary this week — belatedly because of the snow — and as it is the 25th anniversary year, also held the once annual reception again after an interval of several years. These occasions are particularly enjoyed by the former members, who turn up all smiles, the old feuds forgotten. The entertainment is relatively modest, for the Knesset members are not known as great drinkers, and the festive atmosphere is created mainly by the splendour and height of the Chagall-decorated hall, and the pleasure of the guests.

But we have a collective guilty conscience about celebrating. There are big families crowded into tiny flats, old people with inadequate incomes, soldiers in front lines where war could break out again. Then why make sandwiches for a lot of people who have enough to eat at home? Even the famous Adloyada Purim parade in Tel Aviv was killed stone dead by years of catastrophes following upon each other — as though these had not made a few hours of shared enjoyment and friendliness all the more necessary. It is a fact that the atmosphere in the Knesset is much more relaxed the week of a reception, when the members are reminded of their shared humanity by the celebration, or perhaps because their wives join them on this occasion. There should be more celebration in the Knesset, if necessary without any sandwiches at all.

CAHAL'S no-confidence motion on the price rises fell flat, to be picked up again and tossed around for a while by the small parties. It was a gift really, for any determined opposition. Who does not feel the pinch when many things cost half as much again? With weeks of frost to send even vegetables climbing up the price spiral, Gahal might have made something of it, but didn't. Mr. Haim Corfu quoted the figures we all know, but did not attempt to offer a solution, wavering between the evils of price controls and the worse evils of not having controls. Even in a house without a built-in majority Finance Minister Sapir would have talked him down easily, spilling out other figures from his endless store. He even called it an election stunt, but that is not the answer. Gahal also knows that there is rampant inflation in almost the whole of the Western world, and that ours is bound to rise to feverish heights in an election year, when wage demands are not easily refused by the government. There just is not much anybody can do about it. The small parties hesitated painfully between their native desire on the one hand to protest against price rises and attack the government, and on the other to demonstrate their anger at what they consider Gahal's shameful conspiracy with the Alignment to change the election law (on the allocation of surplus votes to favour the big parties and squeeze out the small ones). The refusal of several of the small parties to vote in support of Gahal of course made the Alignment's victory appear the more impressive. In the press gallery one could already hear the clinking of glasses and plates being laid out for the party, and the mood remained mellow.

THERE was food for thought in the foreign affairs debate, although it was not at all lively. Foreign Minister Eban, who has a logical mind above everything, concluded without difficulty that now that the Vietnam war has ended and the last stages were achieved by negotiation, the value of such negotiations had been finally proved, and talks would no doubt begin to bring our trouble with the Arabs to an end.

The power of patient negotiation has been proved able once more to unravel even the bitterest and most difficult of quarrels, for in every international disagreement the crucial change is seen when the sides overcome their complexes and feelings of hostility and bring their stand to the negotiating table to seek a compromise.

Of course it does, only there has been no sign that Egypt is willing to do anything of the sort. All they hope for is that the U.S., in a kind of political spring-cleaning, should offer a set of final conditions to Israel, as they have done to President Thieu of South Vietnam, and threaten to withhold all forms of aid if this *diploma* is not accepted. To this end the Egyptians have conveniently forgotten that there have been no demonstrations outside the White House to get American servicemen out of Israel, nor U.S. pilot prisoners out of Cairo. Mr. Eban has always been an optimist, and it is permissible to hope that the Egyptians will seek to re-open the Suez Canal, perhaps by kidding themselves that Israel will let them return to Sharm el-Sheikh and the Gaza Strip later and thereby make another war possible, or at least more tempting.

Mr. Eban assumes people are reasonable and that everything will work out. Gahal's Menachem Begin, who opened the debate, is of a profoundly gloomy temperament and certain that all forces will at all times combine and seek to destroy us; he is as convinced of the unreasonableness of the world, of its madness, and of the continuous threat to the Jewish people as Mr. Eban is of the ultimate victory of reason for everybody, Jews not excluded. The extraordinary paradox that has linked and pursued these two political theorists over the years is that Mr. Begin has been proved right in assuming the worst intentions almost everywhere, and Mr. Eban in his faith that things will work out, though sometimes not without a war that he had hoped could be avoided. As a result both have been confirmed in their original assumptions and continue locked in their battle of words. Listening to Mr. Eban's hopeful formulations, and his refusal to suspect


that U.S. Secretary of State Rogers might do anything so natural as to try to unearth his own much-rejected Rogers Plan once more, I could appreciate his lack of enthusiasm for the military elements of our establishment. There is no miracle at all to victory if you never admitted disaster was possible.

MR. Begin, on the other hand, counted up all the possible disasters, including the Rogers Plan, which proposed return to the 1967 lines with only minor border adjustments. He said rather nastily that a democratic country like the United States would understand perfectly well if Premier Meir were to say to President Nixon, when she goes to Washington in March, that her government had only a few months to run until the elections, and that she therefore did not feel empowered to embark on negotiations for any major changes. He also prodded her to know whether she was going to retire from the premiership or not, and probably he would have liked to ask who her successor would be if she went, but got little change out of her.

Mr. Begin also seemed to disapprove of Mrs. Meir's visit to the Pope as "insufficiently prepared." In an essay he said he was amazed at the amazement she had expressed at finding herself on this unusual visit. Other people had been received by the Pope before, starting with Herzl. He made a foray into Roman history, and concluded that many Jews had been crucified after the Bar Kochba revolt was suppressed. If there was any explaining to be done, it was the Catholic Church that should be doing it, not Israel. And what was all this business about the Pope having tried to stare her down and her having stared back? A test in mutual mesmerism? Why make such details public? It is the first time Mrs. Meir has been criticized for telling too much instead of too little.

SIX months or a year from now Mr. Begin will almost certainly be able to say that he had foreseen it all, for meanwhile the State Department, the Vatican and several European countries will no doubt have tried to manoeuvre us into exchanging reasonably secure borders for paper guarantees. And with the assistance of Egyptian and Syrian unreasonableness and refusal to compromise, Mr. Eban will almost certainly be able to point out that, after all, nobody forced us to change our borders with these countries to our disadvantage.

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1974

Now that there is a Vietnam cease-fire, American diplomacy is expected to concentrate on the Middle East. But no radical changes in policy seem to be in store, writes The Jerusalem Post's correspondent in Washington, SAM LIPSKY.

WASHINGTON. — FOR those who are stirred by historical drama acted out on the grand scale this has been one of those weeks where Washington provided an unrivalled setting. Standing on the steps of the Capitol, Richard Nixon was sworn in for a second term, declaring that we all stood on the threshold of a "new era of peace, that could last for generations to come."

Just two days later, Lyndon Johnson, Nixon's predecessor and a president who grasped for peace but failed, died at his Texas ranch. And as Johnson's body was being flown to Washington to lie in state, President Nixon told the world that after 12 agonizing years American involvement in the Indochina war was at an end and a cease-fire

The late President Johnson had no such grand conception but — more than is sometimes recognized — he laid the basis for extricating America out of Indochina and, less explicitly than his successor, accepted the limitations of American power in the last third of the 20th century. Both presidents accepted the basic fundamental: That in ways sometimes not always defined the manner of extrication from Vietnam was crucial to any basis for international accord. Their critics argued the opposite — that obsession with Vietnam had distorted American interests and sapped the energies and attention of the Government to such a degree that more vital problems — such as the Middle East, trade and monetary policies, the energy crisis — were not given due weight.

If the fragile Indochina peace

singer had completed his press conference on the peace agreement, a White House correspondent turned to a representative of the Israeli press and said: "Well, after Vietnam Henry is going to fix up the Middle East. Watch out."

Practical effect

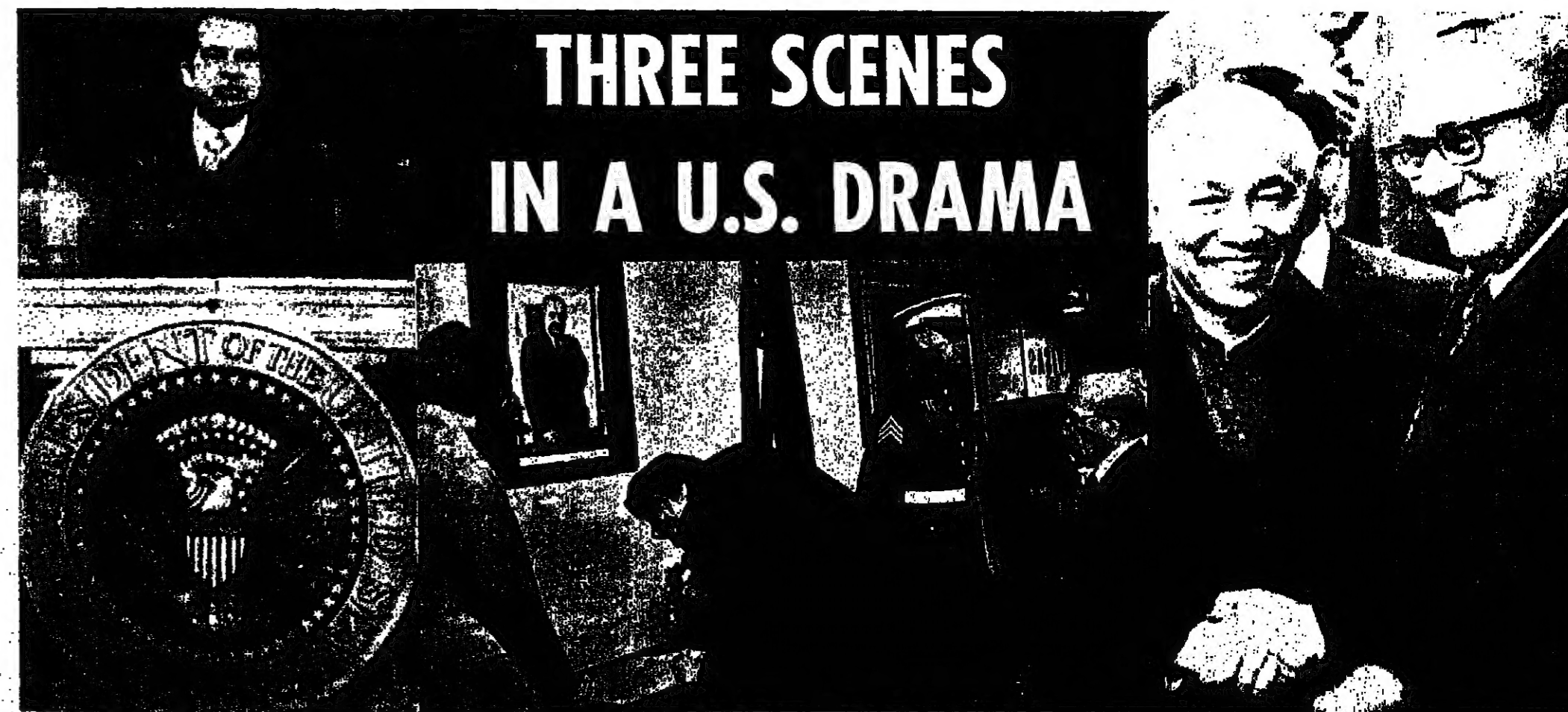
The assumptions are logical enough. But trying to find out just what "high-powered peace-making" might mean in practice does not turn up any radical new ideas or proposals in the Nixon Administration.

It was, after all, as Dr. Kissinger has so eloquently explained, not diplomacy which changed the situation in Indochina. It was the situation — Hanoi's fundamental turnaround in October, 1972 — which changed the diplomacy. For four long years the

direction will become clearer during the coming weeks when Jordan's King Hussein, President Nixon's foreign policy message to Congress, and Israel's Golda Meir will contribute to the pattern. Until then the best guide to President Nixon's plans for an "era of peace" and where the Middle East fits into those plans is probably the speech delivered in New York last week by Secretary of State William Rogers at a farewell dinner for Ambassador Yitzhak Rabin. While Mr. Rogers spoke at length on the Middle East he devoted much of his speech to placing it in context.

Reviewing the reduction of great power tensions, Mr. Rogers said: "Long standing contentious relationships are changing into relations of 'mutually beneficial cooperation'. Funda-

everywhere else: Americans with Chinese and Russians, East and West Germans, Pakistanis and Indians, North Koreans and South Koreans. Nevertheless, relaxation between the major powers, improved conditions in other countries of the area, and the maintenance of the military balance combined to make 1973 "a favorable time for negotiations." Without them there was no lasting settlement and without that there was no assurance of a "generation of peace." It is the constant insistence that a Middle East settlement is the key to the grand design which, predictably, makes some Israelis apprehensive and nervous. But in re-emphasizing that the U.S. still believed talks on an interim Suez Canal agreement were the most realistic approach to a commencement of dialogue,



Photos: President Nixon delivers Inaugural Address, Johnson condolence book at U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv, Le Duc Tho and Dr. Kissinger after announcement of cease-fire agreement.

agreement had been reached. There is a clear line of connection between the scenes in the dramas which goes beyond the personalities and rhetoric. Whether the phrase used is "era of peace," "structure of peace," "balance of power," "a peace that will last," or "a generation of peace," President Nixon, Henry Kissinger, William Rogers and the Administration's foreign-policy establishment are talking about a mixture of vision and reality.

Sometimes they are talking about the evolving world balance as it exists — a contraction of American power, signs of accommodation between Washington and Moscow, uneasy stand-off between China and the Soviet Union, the thrust of Japan's economic might, the growth of Western Europe as a political and economic entity. But sometimes they are talking about a new world order which does not yet exist, and which they would like to create. Through all of it has run the consistent theme of a suitable settlement in Vietnam as the first step on the road to the grand design.

agreements hold, it is assumed that the Nixon Administration is bound to channel its diplomatic and political energies into other problem areas which threaten the "structure of peace," or put another way, which risk possible American involvement in an era when such involvement would be politically difficult, if not impossible. Naturally, the Middle East is a most likely area. As Robert Keatley, the diplomatic correspondent of the "Wall Street Journal" put it on the morning after the President's broadcast:

"High-powered" move

"Even more urgent, perhaps, is settlement of the Arab-Israeli dispute in the Mideast, which threatens personally to drag Americans into yet another military quagmire, much as Vietnam did a decade ago. Some officials expect that Washington, increasingly aware of the political and monetary stakes involved in that oil-rich region, will try some high-powered peace-making there soon."

Similar views are widely heard these days in Washington. After presidential adviser Henry Kis-

North insisted on the overthrow of the Saigon Government as a pre-condition to negotiation about a military settlement. It was only after North Vietnam accepted the basic separation of the military and political conditions for a settlement that progress was made.

There are obvious differences between Vietnam and the Middle East, so the analogy does not hold entirely. The U.S., for example, is not a direct party to a settlement between Arabs and Israelis. But unless there are fundamental changes in approach of either or both sides — unless there are new realities on the ground — unless there is a radical shift in the military balance, diplomacy, however inventive, is not likely to bring a lasting peace. Despite the speculation, within the Administration as well as the media, the evidence suggests that the limitations of American diplomatic efforts in the Middle East are understood in the White House.

The Americans, however, do seem to be preparing for increased activity in the Middle East. The first signs of their overall

mental differences of course will remain. But we are intent upon building a pattern of mutual commitments that will reinforce the natural desires of our people for a world free of war."

Listing some of the major priorities ahead, Mr. Rogers said that in talks with the Soviets, the U.S. would continue pressing not only for limitation, but reduction of offensive strategic weapons. There would be efforts "to bring about greater freedom of movement and ideas throughout Europe" as part of the reduction of tensions within the framework of the forthcoming conference on security and cooperation in Europe — a search for mutual and balanced reduction of military forces in Central Europe — and an expansion of exchanges and trade with China.

It was the achievement which emerged from such patient negotiating which was laying the foundation for peace, Mr. Rogers noted, but despite painstaking efforts negotiations were not yet underway in the Middle East. It had remained an exception in the midst of movement towards peace in Vietnam, and dialogue almost

Mr. Rogers did not indicate any new departures. Ambassador Rabin welcomed the re-statement of American policy as generally consistent with Israeli interests and there is no expectation amongst Israeli diplomats here that sudden shifts in that policy are likely.

Continuity

Indeed, the death of former President Johnson this week underlined the thrust of continuity, despite diversions along the way, of American policy on the Middle East. It was Johnson who committed the U.S. to the firm support of Resolution 242 — it was during his period in the White House that the first agreement to sell Phantoms to Israel was concluded — and he was the first president to make maintenance of Israel's deterrent military power — through credits, economic aid, and weapons supplies — an item of policy. President Nixon has expanded and reinforced those fundamentals. Although eminent-ly capable of surprises he gives no indication that it is going to be necessary or useful in the Middle East.

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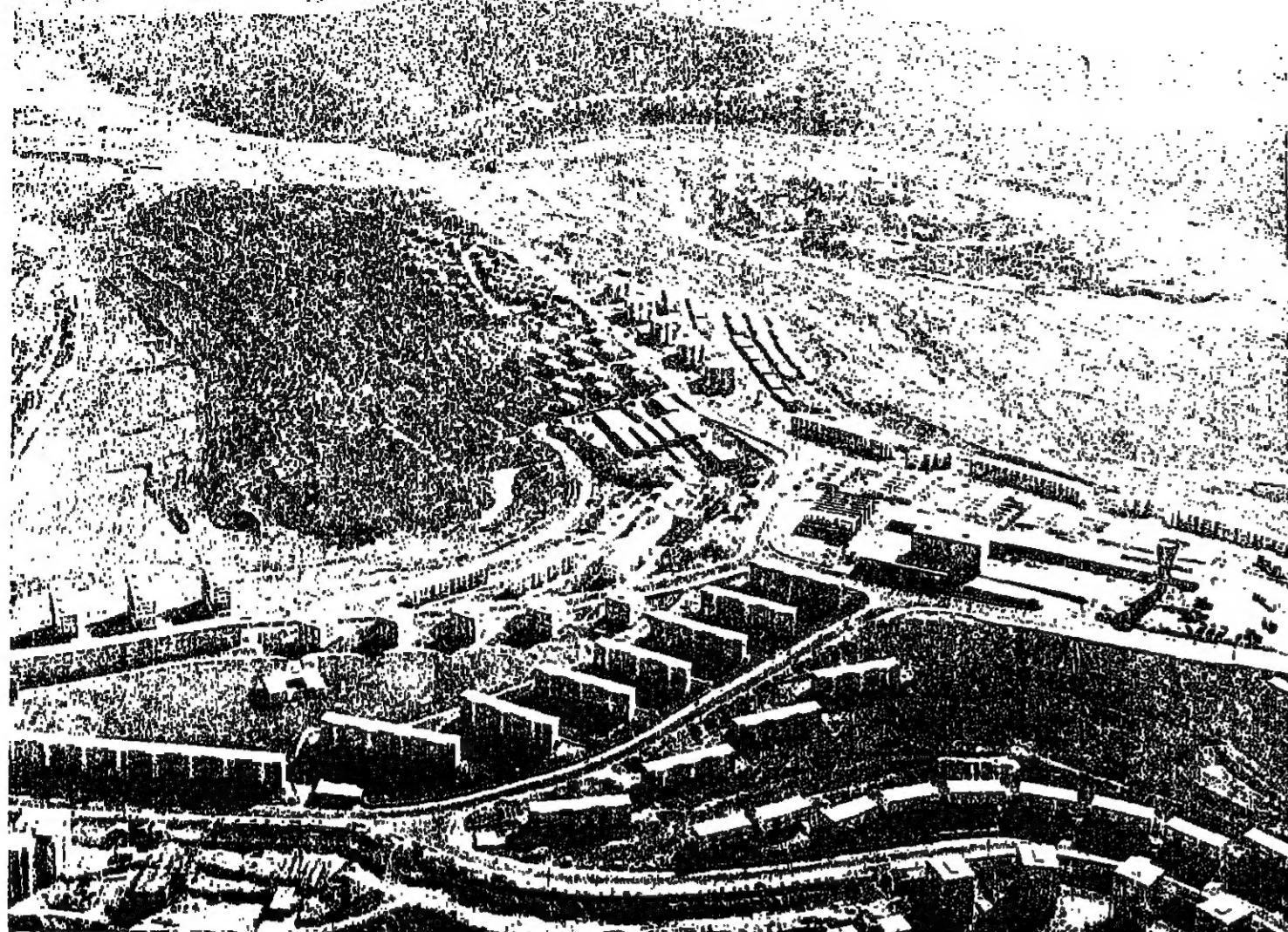
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Catching up in Afula



For many years, nobody would admit that he came from Afula. In recent years things have perked up, and there is now promise of a better future. Post Reporter YA'ACOV ARDON visits 'the Capital' of the Emek, which became a town this week, and talks to Mayor Shmishon Shehori.



Aerial view shows Upper Afula, with Mount Tabor in the background.

(Werner Brauer)

NEARING 50, Afula has been declared a town. With the full pomp and empty oratory that graces such occasions, the Minister of the Interior yesterday proclaimed Afula's elevation to municipal status. In the presence of dignitaries and neighbours from the kibbutzim in Emek Yizre'el. If the guests poured a drop of condescension into their congratulations, they were only doing what their fathers did before them whenever they talked about the town. Since the 'thirties, Afula has been considered a retarded child among the veteran settlements, a butt for derision. Young people born there were ashamed to admit where they hailed from.

Times and local council chairman change, and Afula today is much the better for it. Mayor Shmishon Shehori, an ex-teacher and headmaster, is credited with having in 18 months overcome part of the blight that has stunted Afula's growth: the parcelation of land for private sale without any systematic town planning. This has resulted in the arrest of healthy urban development up and down the country; in Afula it led to virtual deformity.

In the early 'twenties, when the first communal and cooperative farm settlements began to sprout in the Jezreel Plain, the idea of an urban centre there was much debated. Histadrut and kibbutz movement leaders had in mind a town with educational and cultural facilities dispensing knowledge and entertainment on a highbrow level to young pioneer farmers recently arrived from Europe. Cooperative industries, workshops and stores were to be the town's economic basis.

The idea was sound — in theory. The site was on the intersection of the important road and rail axis. Halfa-Jerusalem, Halfa-Zichah, Afula was a stop on the narrow-gauge railway to Damascus and the station constructed by the Turks in 1906 is standing to this day. In 1913 they even

began building a line southwards to Jenin and Nablus, which would have been continued to Jerusalem had they not lost the war.

Opinions were divided on whether urban functions in the Emek, then the heartland, hope and pride of the new Jewish agriculture, had not better be left to established towns like Haifa or Nazareth. But land in the Emek could be bought cheaply in those days, and that is what may have decided the controversy. The few Arabs at Afula lived in penury, remorselessly exploited by wealthy absentee landlords. They were given compensation and left for better lives elsewhere. The Afula lands were bought mainly by Americans, members of the Kibbutz Zion, whose Zionist sentiments were stirred by the prospect of "Ir Yizre'el" or Jezreel Town, as the projected town was called.

This time it was the new absentee landlords who were being

exploited. Land speculators used timeless techniques to soft-sell building plots in Jezreel Town for hard dollars to credulous people in the U.S. who had probably never looked at any Middle East map with a scale larger than 1:500,000. The Afula plots were offered facing, or within walking distance of "the opera house," which has been used ever since to mock Afula's early pretensions.

Agricultural plots

The hasty parcelation without thought of future public needs held up Afula's development for many decades. The town was, and still is, honeycombed with plots used for agriculture. No space was left on the fringes for an industrial zone. The absence of many of the owners of plots has hindered planning to this day. Some of the original purchasers were Jews in Poland fated to be murdered by the Nazis; others

were U.S. Jews who prospered and simply forgot about their property in Eretz Israel.

SEEN from the air, the town's outline today looks like a butterfly, with two large wings — Afula and Upper Afula — on either side of a tiny body which at ground level turns out to be nothing but a three-kilometre road to Mt. Tabor and Tiberias. There is nothing on either side of it but a swimming pool to the north and the famous Kupat Holim general hospital set in a splendid park to the south. The land on either side of this road is state property, but it has been cultivated for decades by the farmers of the Balfouria moshav (north of Afula) and kibbutz Merhaviah (east of it). Naturally the farmers are holding on tightly to land which their fathers filled before them.

In 1971 Afula's first mayor,

then still a humble council chairman, began to plead with the farmers of Balfouria to let the town have some land for an industrial zone, without which its economy and social growth could no more take off than a plane without a runway. Mr. Shehori pays tribute to the sympathetic attitude of the Government, the Lands Administration, and especially the moshav movement leader Uri Feinerman for having persuaded the Balfouria farmers, after 18 months of tough negotiation, to surrender — on payment of compensation — 450 dunams of their land. The Lands Administration has added another 200 dunams to the dowry, making Afula an eligible, if no longer youthful bride for a match with an enterprising industrialist in search of space, goodwill and labour.

"We have set our minds on a sophisticated type of industry that will encourage our young people to stay at home and make new immigrants want to settle here," says the mayor. "We want to raise the vocational and professional level of our population." This is not mere wishful thinking. An enterprise producing electronic goods is already working successfully and has proved that the town has caught up with the 'seventies.

The town's elders hope that one day they will be able to fill in the large, empty space between Old and New Afula. There is room enough for vast parks (which the town still lacks) that could become a national recreation ground. Afula is rich in space; its 30,000 dunams (Haifa has 52,000) cry out for a gifted planner who will avoid the blunders that have irreparably disfigured the face of most towns, old and new, in Israel — and throughout the world.

Thoughtless, premature parcelation and farming of land within its urban boundaries have not been Afula's only handicap. The

(Continued on page 9)

One of Afula's older sections: Most jobs are semi-skilled, and paid accordingly. (Israel Sun-Gloria Sahel)

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1978



Shikun (housing project) in Afula. Neighbouring kibbutzniks tended to regard the town as an overgrown Egged bus stop.

(Israel Sun-Gloria Sahel)

(Continued from page 8)

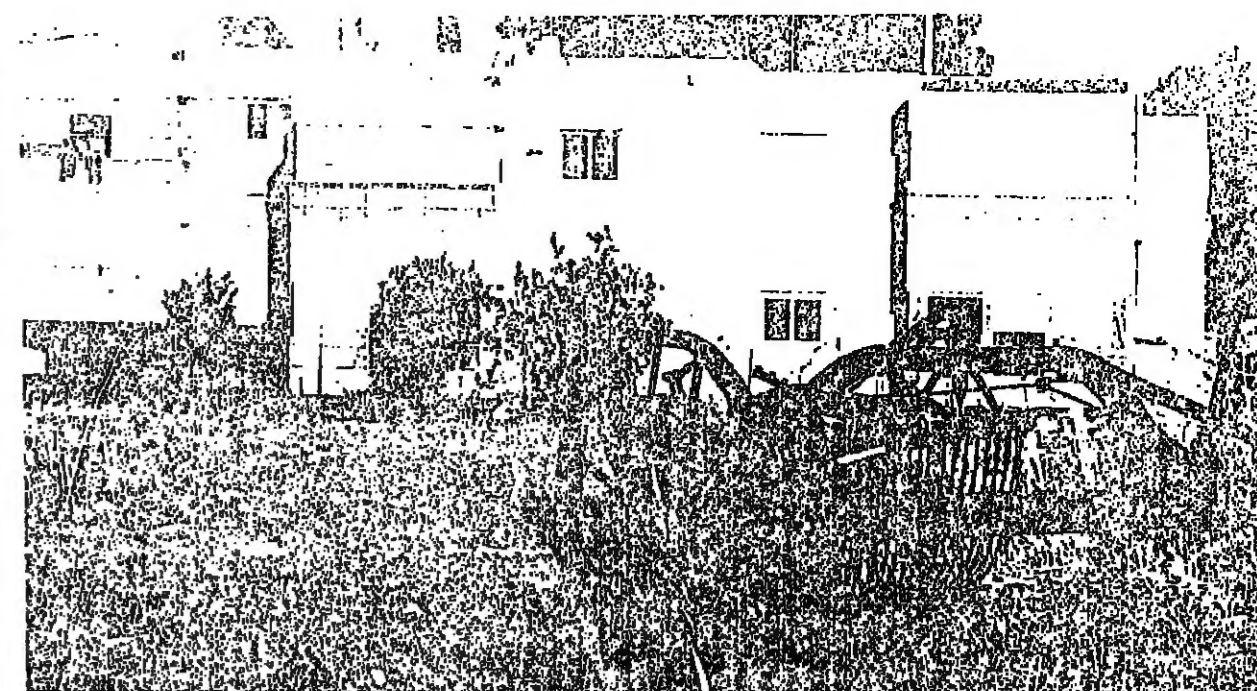
kibbutz neighbours, a self-conscious elite, have looked down on Afula with a contagious disdain that has gradually spread throughout the country. They have come to regard Afula as an overgrown Egged bus stop and public convenience on the way home, with kiosks for a cold drink, kaffee and an afternoon paper. The educational level of *homo Afulensis* could not compare with that of the kibbutzniks around them. It did not rise when, from the early 'fifties on, a population mainly of East European origin, was supplemented by immigrants from Moslem countries.

An additional handicap was the town's own leaders. They were not of the type that could wipe Afula's slate clean, launch it on a fresh start, like the men who brought Upper Nazareth or Migdal Ha'emek to early bloom. The Afula elders until recently commanded little respect in Government offices in Jerusalem. Ministerial budget-makers tend to respect the strong and successful. They have little compassion and

less money except for welfare purposes to bestow on the weak and meek. If the Government had a task force of trained troubleshooters to give administrative first aid and therapy to ailing communities, Afula would have been a deserving case.

At last, however, Jerusalem has turned a more favourable eye on the weakling and admitted that with a population topping the 20,000 mark, Afula is legally entitled to the status of a town. Mayor Shehori, whose pedagogic methods have already borne fruit, can be relied on to lead his eleven-man team purposefully and energetically. Himself a Labour Party man, he has with him on the council a coalition of four Alignment, two N.R.P., two Gahal and one State List man. The old man out is the Free Centre member.

Since 1948, Afula's growth has been erratic but continuous. Upper Afula, on the hillside over three kilometres away, was founded in 1950. Four years later followed the first houses on Giv'at Hamore, 300 m. above sea level and 240 m. above the town of



Over 10 per cent of land inside city limits is still used for agriculture.

(Israel Sun-Gloria Sahel)

1925 vintage. It commands views of Mt. Carmel, the Galilee hills, Mt. Tabor, Mt. Gilboa and, beyond the Jordan, of the Gilead chain of mountains. Living on Giv'at Hamore with its pleasant summer breezes more than compensates the residents for the distance they have to commute to town.

Future prospects

The new deal period which began in 1970 looks promising enough. The original geographic assets still hold good. Afula is only 15 km. away from Nazareth, 45 from Haifa, 90 from Tel Aviv (via Hadera) and 140 from Jerusalem (via Nablus). It is a two-hour journey. Industrial enterprises have long since discovered the labour, especially female, for textile and plastics manufactures. About half the country's supply of women's stockings and pantyhose comes from Afula's Meibah-Gerev Yafa Company (Merel) and this represents only one-fifth of its output. The other four-fifths adorn the legs of American and German women.

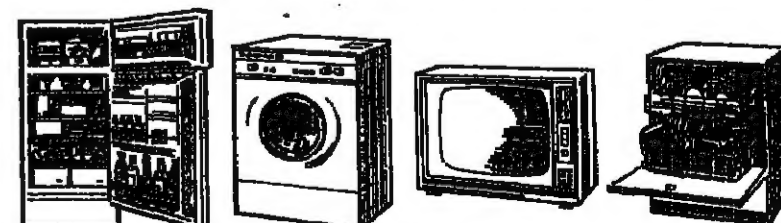
Agriculture today occupies less than ten per cent of Afula's workers and is still shrinking. A thousand homes are under construction and another 5,000 are planned. The Municipality plans to spend some IL15m. on development, such as roads, educational and cultural facilities and other communal needs. Mayor Shehori has visions of a 70-room hotel in the not-too-distant future. He regards car ownership as an indicator of average earnings: among the development towns, only Kiryat Ata, with 50.3 cars per 1,000 residents, has more cars than Afula's 48.7. Lod and Acre have 28.8, Dimona a mere 19.8.



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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE NINE

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THE prisoners' parents formed a committee headed by Ben-Zion Dinur (later Israel's first Minister of Education). I often went with him on meetings with the authorities, as the wives' representative. There was resentment that I was permitted to go along often, and this was not helped by the fact that my father was one of the lawyers. Still, there were very few of us wives as most of the boys were so young — eighteen or nineteen. My Moshe and Moshe Carmel (later a military commander and Minister of Transportation) were among the oldest and were the leaders of the prisoners.

Avshalom Tau, the boy accused of pointing a rifle, had been married only three weeks. Laura, his wife, was an immigrant from Poland. We became friendly and she stayed with me at Nahalal. She knew her husband was more involved than the others, and yet she behaved with great dignity and calm. I envied and admired her capacity for this.

Moshe's third letter was dated April 29:

We will most likely see each other tomorrow, but who knows if we can talk. We have prepared ourselves for the sentence and the new conditions, but it will probably be a hard adjustment at the beginning. Ruthie, what can I write you in this letter? You already know everything. Even if there will be no more letters, there will still be visits every two months. And even if the Ramadan cannon doesn't wake you at midnight, Yael surely will, and you'll think of me just as I think of you.

But it doesn't matter. A man who knows how to say "A" must also know how to say "B" and accept the consequences.

He asked me to bring Hebrew and English dictionaries and grammars, "and serious study books on literature."

At the trial, thanks to the Royal Dragoons (a British regiment stationed then near Nahalal) I was the only civilian and the only woman allowed into the army court, which was set up in a large hut in the barracks with rows of wooden benches. I waited outside with Geoffrey Makins (a Lieutenant of the Royal Dragoons) and we watched the boys arriving in a closed van, handcuffed together in pairs. Outside the gate were the families, come with food for the day, hoping for a glimpse.

"This is a show trial and the conclusion is foregone," Geoffrey told me. He would not say what the conclusion was, only that I must be prepared for the fact that nothing could help, and that it was immaterial whether he gave evidence or not. But he came every day though he was never called to testify, and sat with me.

On the last of the trial's three days, Moshe and I had a moment for a joke. When the prisoners were being taken from the vans, I managed to stand at the entrance to the courtroom. Moshe, handcuffed to the next prisoner, said, "If I get a year, let me have 'Gone with the Wind.' I had just finished the book, and it had helped during the waiting. At that point we all thought a year's sentence would be the maximum, and there was even hope for six months.

During the course of the trial I began to see the British in a different and terribly changed light. I had always liked them, and of course loved London. But now I began to hear soldiers — who did not know I understood English — talking about "those bloody Jews."

On the morning of the verdict, five days after the trial had begun, the judge rose and read a long speech on what the boys could have done, though they had actually done nothing and had only been caught carrying arms. He read out forty-two names one after the other. As his name was called, each boy stood up.

Finally the judge said, "You are hereby sentenced to ten years' imprisonment with hard labour." There was not a gasp in the courtroom; everyone was too shocked. It was a hot day, and files were buzzing in through the open windows. Two thoughts went through my mind: Yael as a girl of ten and "Gone With the Wind."

Then came the worst part. "Avshalom Tau," the judge read out. Avshalom rose. "You are hereby sentenced to life imprisonment." For a moment I forgot about Moshe and looked at Laura, Avshalom's bride, sitting beside me in the courtroom that last day. Tears began to roll down my cheeks. Laura did not move; she was utterly dignified. I thought, Avshalom, you are in prison for life. Because he had dropped to his knee while holding his gun, and the witnesses, British and Arab, said he had been pointing it.

The Forty-Three were handcuffed and marched out to the vans. All the times before they had joked and waved to us through the bars of the van. This time there were no jokes. I gave "Gone with the Wind" to the sergeant in charge, for Moshe. And then I overheard a soldier say, "What a waste of good British money, feeding them for ten years! Put them up against a wall and shoot them."

The words would not leave my mind. The next day I wrote a long letter to the commanding officer which is just the sort of impulsive thing I still do. I reported what the soldier had said, in his typical barracks vocabulary, and told my story in the most dramatic way I could: how a woman, brought up to admire the British, stood by with her ten-month-old baby and heard that. The officer never replied.

Since Laura and I were the only ones who had heard the verdict, we had to go outside the court-

room and tell the others. All through the trial, our lawyers' optimism had made a verdict of one year seem like the end of the world, and even six months had appeared terrible. Now I had to tell the others that the truth was ten years' hard labour. I walked out to the dirt road where everyone was waiting and stood facing them, unable to speak. Finally I managed to say, "Ten years." First there was silence; then everyone started crying and talking. What could we do? Why hadn't the Hagana done more for us? It was decided that Dinur and I and a few others should go immediately to Ben-Gurion in Jerusalem.

I picked up Yael on the way and went to the Jewish Agency building that same evening. It occurred to me that I might start trying to get Moshe and Sukenik (Yigael Sukenik, now known as Yigael Yadin) out separately. In Ben-Gurion's office I put Yael down on the floor and asked what was going to be done. Perhaps the case of the two could be handled apart from the rest?

Three times in my life Ben-Gurion has answered me in the same vein, though each time under very different circumstances. This time Yael was crawling on the floor and Ben-Gurion stood facing me.

"Ruth, my dear," he said, "you have in your life only Moshe Dayan. In my life, I have all the Jews

letters and food, and arranging extra visits. Not surprisingly, I did not go to see the Queen; for I was refused a visa. But that was only one of the disappointments in the tangled network of arrangements.

The prison dentist and the rabbi were part of our chain for smuggling notes, and suddenly everyone had toothaches and became unusually religious. The dentist's nurse smuggled notes on tissue paper inside her brassiere. And Zvi, who had learned to fly a light plane, once flew over the Acre Fortress and dropped a note for Moshe.

One evening that winter I received a phone call on the Hagana line in our house. It was from an Arab who was working in a match factory in Acre. "Regards from your husband," the stranger's voice told me in English, "and don't worry." I had no idea what he was talking about and did not learn till later. Moshe had been caught with a prohibited tin of bully-beef, one of the food items we used to smuggle in, and his punishment was several days in solitary confinement.

By the time I received the telephone call he was already in the cell, which was little more than one square yard. A Jewish policeman had risked his livelihood to get the message to me, just so I should not worry. This young man, as it turned out, later married a cousin of mine. He was a star football player and as such had won the admiration of the British.

Solitary confinement could be a mind-breaking process, and some boys took a long time to recover. Moshe, of course, was able to take it. He asked for a candle and a Bible, and his request was granted.

* * *

WE were in a crowded courtyard, with the boys lined up on a lower level. I held Yael, and Devora and Shmuel (Moshe's parents) tried to decide which one of them would go in with me. It was a madhouse — everyone wanted to get in just one more word, to be the very last to see just a little more.

A huge Sudanese policeman was on guard at the gate that day, counting the prisoners and making sure that they had not received anything from us across the barbed wire. I was standing at the gate with Yael when all at once, on his own initiative and without a word and without bribery, that Arab policeman opened the gate, took Yael from me, gave her to Moshe for a moment to kiss, and handed her back to me.

In his first letter after that visit, Moshe told me that I must never again bring Yael; he could not bear for her to see her father under such conditions. So on the next visit I didn't bring her. Afterwards, in his next letter, he was sure that something terrible had happened to her, and I could hardly convince him that she was safe and sound. All our life together was rather like that: he would tell me to do something, and then wonder why I did as he asked!

Yet that was a strange period, in which we felt uncommonly close. Waiting from letter to letter can bring people together, and there are none of the daily irritations of everyday contact, just one overwhelming emotion. Always we had one goal to look forward to, freedom, and the single dream of our home and farm. I have more than one hundred and fifty letters out of the many Moshe wrote in the fifteen months that he was a prisoner; the others were destroyed for security reasons or eaten years later by the Nahalal mice. Practically all of my letters to him were destroyed, since he was not supposed to have received them.

It was Moshe writing from prison, who took pains to cheer me up and explain his thoughts:

I imagine today was a hard day for you. I knew we would seem to adjust to imprisonment and recognize it for what it is. But then the day comes when I cannot hold Yuli (Yael) and you see me in these clothes... But what can we do? This is the way it is, and we can't change things. We must, we must accept it; there is no alternative. If only we could be alone a little longer, and you could get through that first moment of concern over clothing and external things, you would see that it isn't so terrible. I know that this "unfortunate" isn't me. Probably when you read this letter you think I don't feel your suffering, and am not hurt by our circumstance, cut off from family life, unable to kiss Yuli. I know all this; but we have to accept it.

His pride comes through clearly in this letter, on a subject about which he had strong feelings and referred to several times:

Also — I'm just not prepared to give Grant the satisfaction, so I don't want you to ask his permission. (for bringing Yael) because I know he wouldn't give it. When he's in his office we never go to him. We ask nothing from him...

Then he continues, on quite another level:

"By the way, how did the photo of me come out? Bring lots of pictures, and I hope they come out better... If we can't live a normal family life, we'll create one of our own."

Even under these conditions, he trained himself to end, usually, on an optimistic note:

The most important thing is: not to feel sorry, not to allow yourself to grieve. I don't believe we will really sit here all three and a quarter years. Besides, we are young; we have the strength, we

(Continued on page 14)

Ruth Dayan describes:

MOSHE IN ACRE JAIL



Ruth Dayan and infant Yael, 1959

In October, 1939, Moshe Dayan was arrested with a group of Hagana men on a training march and taken to Acre jail. Ruth Dayan describes her husband's imprisonment in the second excerpt from "Or did I dream a dream?" — by Ruth Dayan and Jerusalem Post staffer Helga Dudman—being published today by Weidenfeld and Nicolson Jerusalem, together with Steinitzky's Agency. The first extract appeared on January 21.

in Palestine." On no conditions would he agree to Moshe's case separately. I picked up Yael, started to cry, and walked to my parents' home.

The verdict was confirmed soon after, but the prison term was reduced for all but Avshalom to five years.

* * *

OFFICIALLY, no visits were permitted for three months; but I did manage one, and was the first to see one of our prisoners.

The visit was in the dungeon of Acre Fortress, a massive Turkish prison built on Crusader foundations. I was expected, and invited by a pleasant officer to sit down in a thick-walled room. The prisoner was brought in.

How enormously changed Moshe was, how different from before. His head was shaved and the uniform was a horrible brown affair with no buttons. But he was allowed to sit down, and we were left alone.

Earlier visits had been full of jokes; now it was deadly serious. How was Yael? Did we have money? Yes, I should try to see the Queen, but on no account must I do anything that did not apply to all forty-three of the prisoners. And that was that.

For the next eight months all our lives revolved around manoeuvres, bribery, ways of smuggling

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MEN'S WEAR

CHILDREN'S WEAR

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DAHAF

Butterfly's eye-view

By Helga Dudman

A MODEST little Hebrew book for children, in which a butterfly plays the role of mentor — in fact, he functions very much as a teacher in an "open" or progressive school — has just appeared. The title is **HABETEE TALIA!** (Look Talia! Tel Aviv, Romi-gal, IL5.50). It consists of poems and prose text by Oded Bouria and photos by Nat Sufirin of *The Jerusalem Post*.

Talia — named in honour of Bouria's young wife and also, by chance, of the photographer's daughter-in-law — is a little girl taught by a passing butterfly (who seems to have had very sound training in the Montessori Method) to see how much interest and beauty there is in every single thing around us — at least, in the country.

So, on an early-morning walk past an "enchanted lake" and open fields (there are some houses and paths, too — but old ones) the butterfly composes poems and trains Talia to see things in new, original ways: that an old post tied with a rag is a proud former cypress with a headache; that snails clustered on a thistle have gone to sleep after a tiring session of song and conversation; that two bent chimneys decided to get together for a more affectionate relationship; and so on.

Good and beautiful

"Yes, it's quite true, everything in this book is good and beautiful," Oded Bouria said when I asked him about the absence of negative reality in these poems. "But don't forget, this is for children in the 2nd and 3rd grades, and then they're still absolutely innocent." When do children lose their innocence? "By about the fifth grade."

The poet should know, for he teaches painting to children from 8 to 13 at a Tel Aviv school; and his empathy seems complete. "Last week I spoke to three groups of schoolchildren in Ellat, and afterwards one of the boys had a question for me. 'What are you going to do when you grow up?' he asked."

Bouria's small Ramat Aviv flat was crowded with an excitable black dog; his son Tamir ("I'm 13½ going

on 14"); scraps of wool (he designs rugs for Maskit); brushes, paints, paintings, sculpture and mobiles (he studied art at Bezalel); five guitars (which his wife Talia teaches); photographs of children (including some by Nat Sufirin — both have been photographers since they were teenagers and neighbours in Little Tel Aviv); and 800 classical records on tape (Bouria also composes).

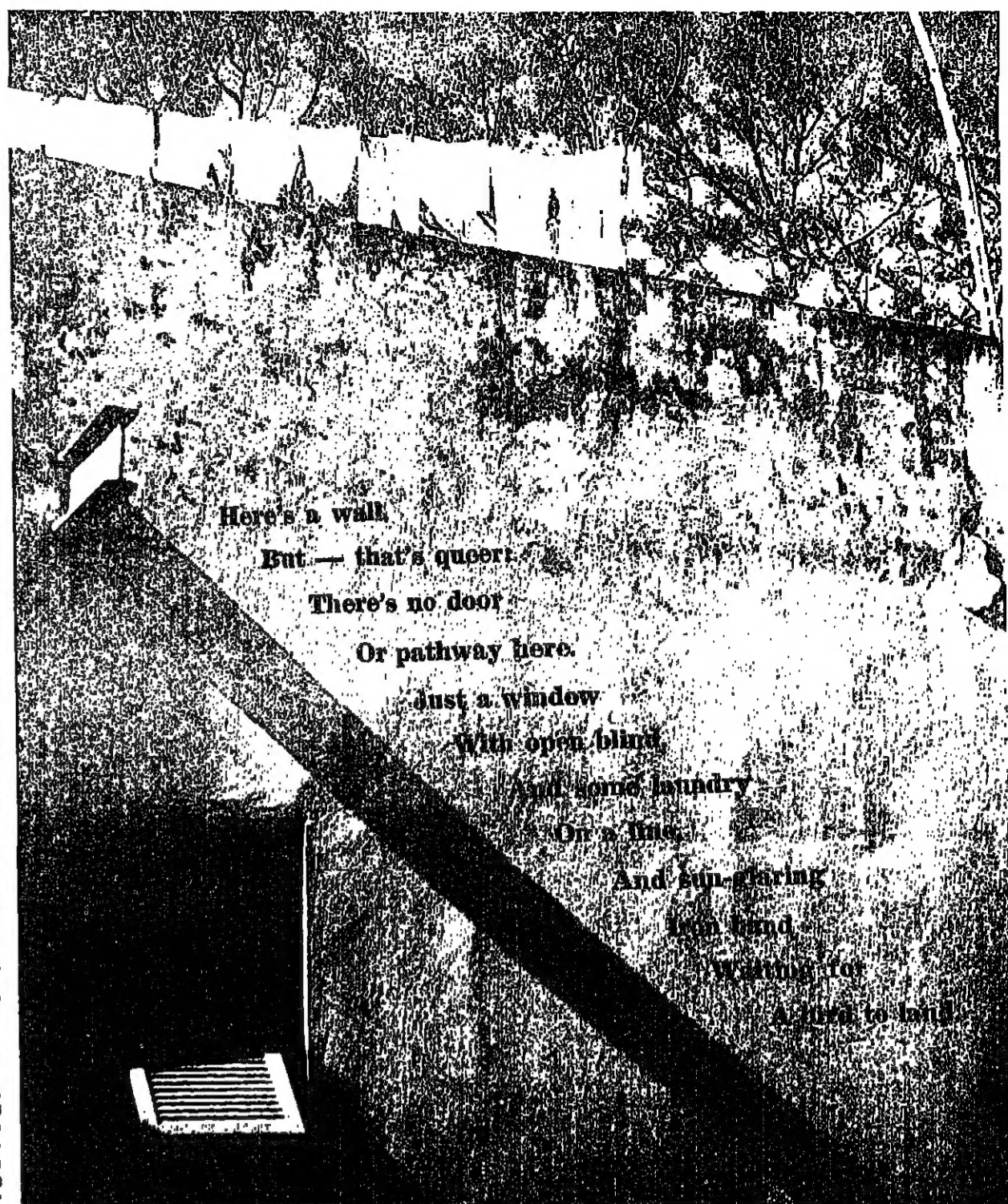
Growing up a Bouria

As the son of the late Yehuda Bouria, one of the country's best known writers, he grew up with much of this: "In our house, there was always literature, music, painting — I grew up in the atmosphere of it all. At the time Nat and I first met, I was writing music, painting, and sculpting. My brother translates plays and one of my sisters also translates and designs theatre costumes. My other sister doesn't do any of these things, but I think she's the most interesting of all of us. She's a spellbinder." Literary personalities were frequent visitors at the Bouria home — Blau, Tchernichovsky — "but no, not Alterman; he was a bohemian type which my father certainly was not."

This is his seventh book for children, all written within the last three years; four more are now in production and another four being read by publishers. "They come very easily to me, and I write very quickly. My best ideas come while I'm on the bus, on the way to school. Rhyming is easy for me too, and I don't think you'll find one that's forced." He is now beginning to think about translations into English. (Bouria spent 12 years in the U.S. where he worked "as a fabric designer, as a Hebrew announcer for the Voice of America and in a brewery.")

I asked whether today's sophisticated children respond differently than they did even a brief 10 years ago, when Bouria began teaching. "Television does something to people — I don't know if it broadens or narrows their horizons, and I don't know whether it's good or bad. Today all the little girls in my class sing the theme song from the TV film 'Leonardo da Vinci.' It's harder today to teach children 'simple' enjoyment. 'Those who had a little 'boul' always responded. The tomatoes never did.'"

Childhood today is certainly different from when Bouria was a boy. "Children now grow up so much faster, and are interested in so many things. When I was young (in Jerusalem, me, and Zichron Ya'akov, where his father was principal of the school), our pastimes were very



Here's a wall.

But — that's queer!

There's no door.

Or pathway here.

Just a window.

With open blind.

And some laundry.

On a line.

And sun-glaring.

On the blind.

Waiting for.

As birds to land.

limited. At a place like Zichron there was no radio, and cars were very rare. What we did was read. When I was 13 or 14 I read books by Tolstoy or Werfel, and earlier I loved Sherlock Holmes and Stead-kewies — all in Hebrew, of course. We could hardly wait for the new editions."

Bouria turned to his son Tamir and said, "You know, I don't think you read enough."

"But I've just read all of Damon Runyon," said Tamir. "And I like all sorts of books. Except books about medicine. I've just read *McRobbie Hunters* and I didn't like that at all."

The children's book industry here, Bouria said, is flourishing — TV, radio, and Zichron Ya'akov, where his father was principal of the school), our pastimes were very

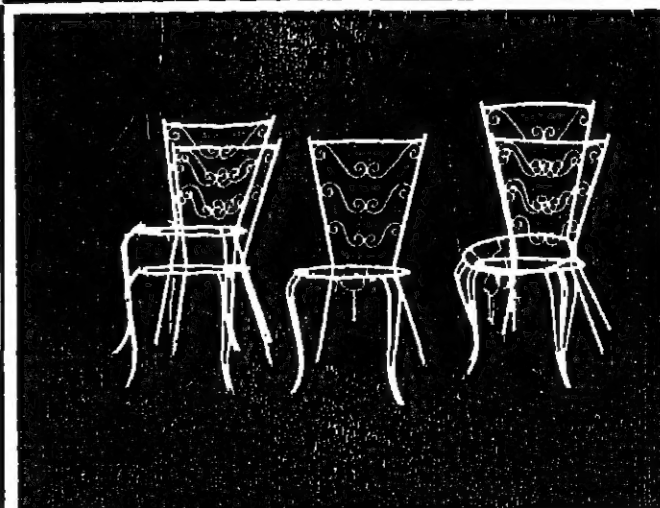
more originality. Translations are not the answer — a story suitable for children in, say, Scandinavia, might not have much to say to Israeli children. But the publishers are doing well. I know of one who, for technical reasons, needs to curtail production; he can't decide whether to cut down on the children's or the adults' books."

Photos came first

In "Talia," the photographs preceded the poems. Nat Sufirin told me that he had a big selection of prints, and Oded and he sifted through them. "We narrowed it down to 88, and he wrote the poems from the pictures." It was narrowed down further, and only 14 appear in the book (unnumbered, "because there are really so few").

"It's strange how seldom people use their eyes," Nat observed in explaining his attitude to his camera. "I'm guilty myself, because often I don't either because I'm too busy with my own thoughts. But whenever I have a camera in my hand, there is much more awareness — and when I'm walking with a friend and see a picture, that is the really happy moment of shared enjoyment, which can be shared even more later when that magic glimpse is transferred to paper."

Looking over his pictures in the book, some of which were taken several years ago, he added: "Oded, my brother Yehuda, and I myself had some wonderful times, as boys, experimenting with an old folding camera, trying out double and triple exposures, and working with mirrors. Then I got a serious camera, with controls, for my 16th birthday — and then the fun turned into, not a search for laughs, but learning how to see and how to record the impact of each sight. "That was when we became less innocent in our photography. But before that, as boys, we were enjoying — without knowing it, of course — a kind of golden period of our youth. And somehow, all of it circled around the Bouria household."



In the garden by the lakeside,
Five chairs standing in a row —
Five chairs gleaming like a gowned bride.
But left all alone now — oh...

Last night's party was such great fun —
People danced and sang and played.
Now the company is all gone;
Only the five chairs have stayed.

But two of them, as you can see,
Feeling wobbly in the kneecaps;
Never saying: Please excuse me —
Climbed right into their friends' laps.

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE — LITERARY PAGE

PAGE THIRTEEN

مكتبة الأصيل

Putting out the fires of the world

By Moshe Kohn

THE personal holocaust of a man who survived the Nazi Holocaust led to an educational campaign in France that has cut down the number of forest fires in the past two years.

For every seven forest fires in France in 1970 — in one of which Martin (Mietek) Gray lost his wife and four children — there were 175 fires in 1971, without a single fatality, and, in 1972, only one fire for every seven in 1970, again with no fatalities.

These official French figures, reported widely in the French press, are the fruit of the activity of the Dina Gray Foundation which Gray founded after the fire which took his entire family on October 3, 1970. The story of this tragedy and of Gray's struggle for life as a teenager in the Warsaw Ghetto, in the Treblinka death camp, and other camps, and as a fighter in a Polish partisan unit are told in his recently published autobiography, *AN HOMME DE TOUTES LES MIENS* (Paris, Lafont; Hebrew: BEN-HAIM KOL B'NAY DAYTA; 222 pp. 1972, 1973, Woldenfeld and Nicolson Jerusalem; and English: FOR THOSE I LOVED, N.Y. Little Brown, and soon to be brought out in London, by Woldenfeld and Nicolson), reviewed here on January 8.

Fifth visit

Here on a visit, his fifth, Gray said he had written about half the book before 1960, when he left New York, where he had gone to live with his grandmother right after World War II (on West 187th Street in the Washington Heights district of Manhattan), to settle at Tanneron, in Southern France.

"After the tragedy," he said, "it became more urgent, and I finished the book within a few months." Previously, like so many other Holocaust survivors, "I didn't want to remember. I wanted to find a little happiness and didn't want to cloud that happiness. Of course, a person can't get away from something like that, but you try to push those memories away." In the Holocaust, he lost his parents, sister and brothers and many other relatives. Three of his four children were born at home, and he himself delivered them, and "each time I delivered them I thought of the

faces of Dina Gray and her children, a black-bordered box with the legend: "Tanneron, 3 October 1970: The Gray family perished in one of the blazes which ravage the Cote d'Azur," capped by a headline: "Never Again; Do not forget," followed by a list of things to do and not do in case of forest fire.

Yes, Martin Gray is well aware of the connection between these two headlines and the motives of those concerned with teaching what in Israel is called "Holocaust-consciousness."

Tree per child

The campaign includes another feature familiar to Israelis. This is the Foundation's "Un enfant un arbre" ("A tree to each child") drive, whereby every French child will plant a tree a year to heal the ravages of the forest fires. This campaign, too, has been widely reported in and promoted by the French press, which has also made the comparison with the Jewish National Fund's tree-planting drives.

"In a couple of years," Martin Gray said, "the Dina Gray Foundation has done what was not done in 50 years. It needed a holocaust like mine to get things moving. Eventually, we plan to find other projects. There are fires all over the world. Meanwhile, the French Government has incorporated the Foundation into its own anti-forest-fire setup and has recognized it as a 'public benefit' — meaning that it's giving it an annual subvention."

His book has so far appeared in 13 languages — the latest: Icelandic. In France it has sold a quarter of a million copies in less than a year and is now selling at a stronger rate. "The publisher said that the book would outlast him." The American edition, brought out in December as a Book of the Month Club selection, has already sold several hundred thousand copies. A second printing of the Hebrew edition is under way.

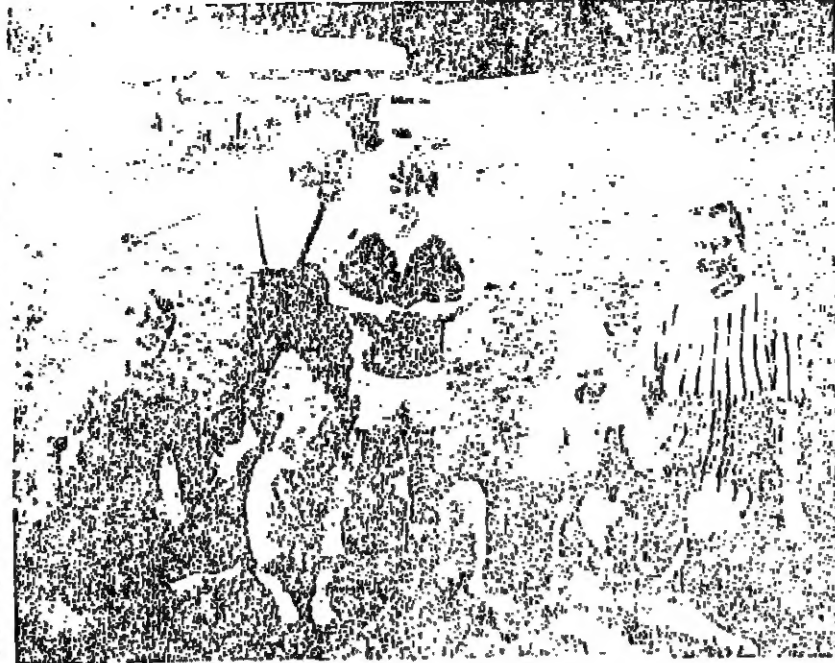
'A book of hope'

Gray said that he has received thousands of letters from readers, many for whom this book is their first reading on the subject of the Nazi Holocaust — "I feel that this book has opened many people's eyes to the Jewish problem." Many of the letter-writers refer to the book as "a book of hope." In France, a Catholic-Protestant council crowned the book as "the religious book of the year," and a Catholic newspaper, "La Croix," wrote that "every Christian home must possess Martin Gray's book." Many French newspapers published extracts (as, in Israel, "Yediot Aharonot" did), and the London "Observer" is to run extracts in its Sunday Magazine.

His present visit is connected with a film he plans to make. "A great, great film which will tell the story of my family, of my people, which will try to tell the whole world not to forget." He is sure that existing film companies would have been glad to buy the rights to his would Hollywoodized story. "So he and a group of friends 'of Warsaw Ghetto background' have banded together to produce what is intended as 'a movie of hope, a monument'."

The film will also treat the Holocaust period, and as the group wish it to contain "as much truth as possible," Gray is here to speak to Holocaust survivors like Yitzhak (Antek) Cukierman, who was one of the leaders of the Warsaw Ghetto Revolt, Haya (Hayke) Grossman, who played a leading part in the Bialystok Ghetto Revolt, and also less famous ones about the contents of the film and also about appearing in the relevant sequences. "They may also do some of the shooting in Israel."

"We don't see any problems in



The late Dina Gray and the late Gray children on the family estate at Tanneron, Southern France, where a forest fire took their lives as they tried to escape.

financing the film," which is expected to cost \$2m-\$3m, and when we have the first couple of million we will go public." But would-be investors "also have to make some charitable contribution — to Israel or something connected with the Six Million," Gray reported that the undertaking "already has many subscribers" and added:

"The movie could become a great monument — this is what I'm living for now."

He is also finishing a new book — "a book of reflections which tries to point to a moral lesson, tries to show others that they can also go on; to show that the best way to help yourself is by helping others — a book against despair. This is the little job I still have, a kind of mission."

He is calling the book "The Book of Life," which, he said, "is a very pretentious title — I hope I live up to it."

RUTH DAYAN

(Continued from page 11)

can stand this. Ultimately, it's not only our private matter and we aren't the only ones. How many Jews are arrested every day in this country? How many others are here in Acre? Be strong, and raise our wonderful Yiddish...

By mid-February, after more than four months in the Fortress and much negotiation by our people, "The Forty-Three" were moved to Mazra. This was a work camp not far from the Fortress and near a government experimental farm; today it is a mental hospital. The prisoners' duties now included working at the experimental farm, which was a fine arrangement since many of them, including Moshe, were farmers from birth. And as prisoners go, it turned out to be far from unendurable.

On one visit I brought Yael, who at eighteen months was already walking. She managed to squeeze through the entanglements of barbed wire and throw her arms around her father. As they held each other through the wire, the child in a fluttering white dress and the kneeling man in a brown prison uniform, I heard the camp sergeant shout, "If you don't take that kid out I'll shoot!" The scene haunted me for months.

There were also Arab prisoners, detained for illegal political activity, and relations between them and the Jewish prisoners were generally excellent. For the Feast of Ramadan that year the Jews ate in the Arab mess, and when some Beduin prisoners from a tribe near Nahalal were also arrested, Moshe wrote with concern asking what had happened to those he knew.

As the days dragged on, it became hard even for Moshe to remain cheerful:

I know I'm not a diplomat and can't fully deal with such problems and maybe I exaggerate the importance of our matter. But I know that without continuing pressure, nothing will be achieved. There are prisoners who sit for years without being granted a trial...

But he always kept a rational balance, and concluded: To every war there is an end. Take care of yourselves, he well, send me pictures.

For my twenty-third birthday, in the spring of 1940, Moshe wrote me a poem. Writing poetry and playing with rhymes was always something that gave him pleasure; and these verses, which he called "Evening in Acre," have of course always had enormous meaning for me:

From prison in Acre, a very small token on her birthday,
To Ruthie, with Yael alone in the hut,
To Ruthie, the girl and the mother.

Evening, and letters have come from home.
The guard moves along. Light the cigars...
Under the blankets, by flashlight alone,
Hearts pour out, like guitars.

From outside a golden moon steals in,
And the song of frogs and the smell of hay.
One single window, barred, crossed and thin,
Cuts all into quarters, quarters to stay.

The sounds fade away. Out goes the light.
Footsteps go by in the corridor. Then
By the wall like misty forms in the night
People huddle together there — children.

MAC THE SHLIMAZEL

THE little which retired statesmen choose for their voluminous memoirs are often the most imaginative thing about them. To Harold Macmillan's "Winds of Change," "The Blast of War," "Tides of Fortune" and "Riding the Storm" has now been added **POINTING THE WAY**, which covers the years 1959-61.

The student and writer of contemporary history eagerly await the publication of these long and often tedious accounts, hoping to find pieces of new information, which will help fill gaps in the puzzle of a period, in respect of which the official documents will not be opened for years to come.

Macmillan's latest volume, though not recommended reading to anyone not interested in the man (not an exciting personality) or in the specific years covered, does supply a good deal of information on the author's opinions and impressions of the various problems, which came up during the years 1959-61, and of the personalities with whom he dealt. Of particular interest are fragments of letters, memoranda and diary entries, written by Macmillan at the time, from which he quotes generously.

When Macmillan became Prime Minister, following Eden's resignation at the beginning of 1957, there were many who hoped that he would put the British house in order, and would help Great Britain to find a new role on the international scene. Macmillan was not lacking in initiative — whether towards Europe, the Soviet Union or the new nations which were rapidly gaining independence from Britain. For some reason, however, everything he touched went wrong — his proposal for a European free trade area to cover the whole of Western Europe was torpedoed in 1958 by the French; his application to join the Common Market was vetoed by de Gaulle in 1963; his discussions with Khrushchev soon after the famous Berlin ultimatum only earned him the suspicion of his allies; the Summit Conference of May, 1960, which he had worked so hard to arrange, was wrecked by the Soviet Union using the famous U2 incident as an excuse; the two Federations which Britain tried to organize during this period — in Central Africa and in the West Indies — came to nothing; South Africa left the Commonwealth despite Macmillan's efforts to keep her in; but, worst of all, the British economy went on moving from bad to worse.

Deserves credit

Every retired statesman writing his memoirs tries to paint a favourable portrait of himself for posterity, and carefully edits the material which he uses. Macmillan deserves credit for admitting that most of what he tried to do during these years was a dismal failure, although, of course, it is always some one else who is to blame. Nevertheless, even as he describes the failures, he does not lack a sense of humour, as he noted in his diary on May 7, 1960: "Quite a pleasant Saturday — the Commonwealth in pieces and the Summit doomed."

Except for the first chapter, which deals with the 1959 General Election, and the second, which attempts to give an account of what it was like to be a Prime Minister in Britain at this time (both rather dull accounts), most of the remainder of the book deals with foreign affairs.

Macmillan's remarks concerning his encounters with various statesmen and the issues which were discussed help us to understand British relations with other countries.

Macmillan did not care for Adenauer, "He has become like many old men, vain, suspicious and grasping," and he felt that the German policy concerning the Oder-Neisse, Berlin and the recognition of East Germany was unreasonable. He liked Erhard "with his large face and small mouth recalling the



Harold Macmillan — plenty of initiative, but everything he touched went wrong.

pictures of Henry VIII," but felt that he cut a rather tragic figure in German politics.

Macmillan greatly admired de Gaulle, though he declares his disappointment with the fact that the General's sense of history seemed to look only back into the past and not into the future. Macmillan remembers favourably the period during the War when he had known de Gaulle in Algiers, but he realized that part of the General's anti-Anglo-Saxon sentiments were rooted in those years, when the British and Americans regarded him as something of a nuisance. For some unexplained reason, Macmillan felt himself exempt from de Gaulle's prejudices.

Of the many observations which Macmillan makes about de Gaulle, some seem quite to the point: "De Gaulle was a man who was never ruled by mistake" or "he does not apparently listen to argument. I mean this almost literally. Not only is he not convinced, he actually does not listen."

France and Nato

The most interesting information, however, which Macmillan supplies is the fact that throughout this period he tried to convince the Americans that they should accept de Gaulle's project for tripartite consultations on all international issues, and should assist the French to build up their own nuclear force. "The future of Nato, of Europe, and, perhaps, even of the effective operation of the whole Western Alliance, now depended on France," he wrote to Kennedy in April, 1961. In de Gaulle's last volume of memoirs covering the years 1958-1962 (*Memoirs of Hope*, London Woldenfeld and Nicolson, 1971), there is no acknowledgment of Macmillan's efforts. It is, of course, difficult to know whether de Gaulle was aware of them.

On the whole, Macmillan seems to see the Americans as a rather naive bunch who are in need of British advice. One wonders what the American leaders think of the following statement: "It is curious how all American statesmen begin by trying to treat Britain as just one of many foreign or Nato countries. They soon find themselves relying on our advice and experience."

He does not hide his contempt for Cabot Lodge, Adlai Stevenson, and other half-baked liberals. He liked Eisenhower, with whom he was on excellent terms, but whose limitations he recognized. His great concern with making a favourable impression on Kennedy was pathetic: "I must somehow convince him that I am worth con-

sulting, not as an old friend (as Eisenhower felt) but as a man who, although of advancing years, has young and fresh thoughts." Macmillan wrote to the British Foreign Secretary in November 1960.

One of the discussions with Kennedy described by Macmillan deals with the Cuban situation in April, 1961. He reports Kennedy as having told him a week before the abortive Bay of Pigs landing that the 1,200 Cuban exiles in Miami ought to be sent back to Cuba to become guerrillas there, for that was the best way to fight Castro.

Of Khrushchev, Macmillan wrote to Eisenhower: "While (he) is undoubtedly a clever and calculating politician whose intellectual formation has been entirely in a Communist form, he is more like a human being than Stalin ever was." He also agreed with de Gaulle that Khrushchev "was perhaps a man who felt also some responsibility for the world," which was the main reason why contacts with the Russians were so important.

Macmillan's account of his long African tour in 1960 is the least sincere part of the book. The attempt to say something nice about people whom he could not have really liked and whose ideas were anathema to him smacks of hypocrisy, or some lofty, superior sentiment, as if to say: well, what can you expect of the inhabitants of the African continent? With an indignant air he defends the British decolonization effort: "It is a vulgar but false belief that the British people by a series of gestures unique in history abandoned their Empire in a fit of frivolity or impatience." One wonders whether Macmillan would support the notion that the Empire was put together, in the first place, in a fit of absent-mindedness.

'The Crazy Gang'

Concerning the Congo, Macmillan's main concern was to keep the Soviet Union out, but the whole situation seemed to him "more like the Crazy Gang than anything I can remember." He had a low opinion of the United Nations forces which were sent out to restore the peace in the Congo. "The United Nations army consists (with the exception of the Swedes, who have not fought anybody for 100 years, and the Irish, who will fight anybody) of a queer lot. Yesterday, an Ethiopian soldier shot a Swiss banker in Elisabethville with a bazooka. No one knows why, and no one cares. But even Swiss bankers ought to have some rights."

Macmillan's habit of thanking and complimenting his secretaries, aides, butlers, housekeepers, etc., is rather tedious, and one wonders whom this could possibly interest, except the persons themselves. Nevertheless, one can perhaps excuse the frequent compliments bestowed on the Queen and on his wife, Lady Dorothy.

His very British sense of humour is amusing. The funniest section by far is his account of a private and informal visit by de Gaulle to Birch Grove, Macmillan's home in Sussex. With British and French policemen swarming in the area with Alsatians "One Alsatian happily bit the 'Daily Mail' man in the behind" and large quantities of plasma kept in the fridge in case an attempt was made on the General's life ("Mrs. Bell, our devoted cook, protested that these (the refrigerator and the deep freeze) were needed for more appetizing contents") one can just imagine the cosy informal weekend spent by the de Gaulles with the Macmillans.

Just one comment to the publisher before the next (and last?) volume of Macmillan's memoirs is published: if the front jacket must include a coloured photograph (of Macmillan with Kennedy and Lord Home looking sickly in pink and yellow) why the terrible printing job?

Dr. Rolet is Lecturer in International Relations at the Hebrew University.

Soviet Jewish intellectuals defend Solzhenitsyn

FOUR leading Soviet Jewish intellectuals, activists in the emigration struggle, have addressed a letter protesting against an article by Mikhail Grobman in *The Jerusalem Post* of November 10, 1972, alleging that novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn is anti-Semitic. (Grobman, a Jewish artist from the Soviet Union who settled in Israel recently, wrote, *inter alia*, that "Solzhenitsyn... tends... to blame the Revolution on the Jews... The Russian people is thus presented as a victim of unforgiving Jewish cruelty." He also discussed what he saw as Solzhenitsyn's "negative" portrayal of Jewish characters in his novels.)

Natan Finegold of Moscow dictated the letter over the phone to Michael Sherbourne, a London schoolteacher who is in regular telephone contact with Soviet Jewish activists. Sherbourne, who speaks Russian fluently and who acted as translator for Raiza Palatnik during her press conference on arrival here, has passed the following text

on to *The Post's* London correspondent, David Lennon, as follows: "We the undersigned wish to express the sharpest protest against the slanderous and definitely untrue accusation of anti-Semitism on the part of Solzhenitsyn which appeared in a recent article by Mikhail Grobman published by your newspaper. "The ill-advised and ignorant accusations by the author of this article compel us to disassociate ourselves utterly from such opinions. "This in itself constitutes an attack on the honour of the Jewish People and of Israel which we, striving to emigrate there, hold especially dear.

"This unworthy deed on the part of Grobman is evidence of how much the spiritual life of the Jewish People is still affected by the heavy legacy of the past."

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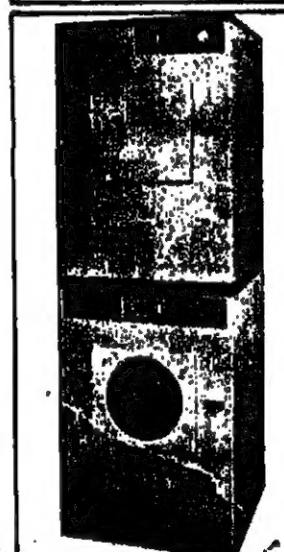
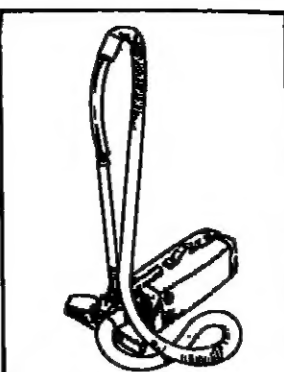
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THE SWIVEL SYNDROME

by Ephraim Kishon



No one can deny that man has achieved tremendous progress on this earth. Since he started walking upright, man has succeeded in subduing the forces of Nature, he has invented the slip fastener as well as solving the mysteries of Creation, including those of outer space. Only in one field has he failed miserably. One extra-sensory phenomenon he will never be able to control: women turning around.

Because they do, especially my wife. Whenever we are sitting in a place of public entertainment — be it a cafe, sports stadium or cinema — and I spot behind the little woman's back people I don't want to talk to under any circumstances, I only have to whisper to her:

"The Zelig's have just come in! Don't turn around!"

And she immediately turns around. At once, without a moment's hesitation, in the most conspicuous way possible. She stares at the Zelig's with wide, guileless eyes and I sink into the ground, terribly embarrassed. (Apparently they are getting divorced.)

After such incidents I find myself foaming at the mouth and I try to explain to the wife that an adult person... after all, what's going to happen if we can't... and there are delicate situations where one definitely...

Whereupon the little woman answers that nothing really happened, the Zelig's didn't notice her at all. The hell they didn't. Zelig had hardly come in when he demonstratively turned his back on us and only his wife gave us a long stare, though Zelig had probably implored her not to turn around. Anyway, now they know that we were talking about them and that's most unpleasant.

But there's nothing one can do about it. One might as well talk to the walls; it's a cry in the wilderness. Time and again I practically drop on my knees as I beseech my spouse, pleading at her behind my hand:

"Under no circumstances, you hear. Under no circumstances, please, under no circumstances..."

Flora or fauna?

ONE of the most fascinating aspects of the study of the Bible is the possibility of alternative translations of certain passages and words which have no relationship with one another but which are equally acceptable. In connection there is a not a small number of words in the Bible which refer to the world of flora or fauna. Thus the word "ayalot" (flowers) in the Song of Solomon includes the phrase "the ayalonim appear on the earth" (2.12).

The accepted translation of this word is "flowers" and one authority even attempts to identify it not with flowers in general but with a specific flower, the anemone. Nevertheless an amateur Biblical student of my acquaintance, basing himself on the fact that the verse continues "the time of the nightingale is come, and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in the land" and only after that is the flora of spring described, maintains that "ayalonim" in fact belongs to the world of fauna, and not of flora. It is a form of "ayalonim" — the famous "haws" of modern Israeli political phraseology — and is a bird.

Similarly, the verse in Ezekiel 27.6 which is translated "the company of Ashurites have made thy benches of ivory" (I suppose the human Ashurites can be classed as fauna) should in fact be translated "thy benches were made of white boxwood," the "bet ashurim" meaning not a "company" of Ashurites, but a

TORA * AND FLORA

merely an unusual spacing of the letters of "Be-tashurim," "with boxwood."

I recently came across another example of which I was hitherto unaware. The well-known 29th Psalm which is part of both the Friday night and Sabbath morning service describes the effect of a raging storm, which is "the voice of God." According to the accepted translation: "It maketh the hinds to travel, and strips the forests bare." To my surprise, I saw that the accurate and meticulous Dr. Philip Birnbaum in his prayer book renders the first line "travel" but "it maketh the hinds to travel." Allon makes the "trees" but the "ayalonim" are "hinds." How then could "ayalonim" be "oaks"? I wrote to Dr. Birnbaum and in his reply he directed me to J.L. Gordon's commentary on Psalms where I found that he maintains that "ayalonim" is an unusual plural of "ayal" and in the same way as "elohim" and "elohimim" in the context here, are birds, so as to stripping the forests bare, long to the world "ayalonim" also is the parting of hinds becoming "ayalonim". RABINOWITZ

By then she has turned around, her inquisitive eyes gaped at the people I didn't want her to look at. She always spots them by a sort of built-in radar. It's been going on for years now. From time to time I resort to desperate tricks. For instance, while warning her, "Don't turn," I look furtively to the right when as a matter of fact Slegler, who owes me IL2,000, has just come in from the left. So the wife immediately looks left and Slegler knows that I mentioned his debt. It's extremely unpleasant.

Some time ago I consulted a psychiatrist. I described the situation in all its seriousness. He understood me only too well. "My wife also swivels," he confessed. "It's an awful legacy dating way back to the Tree of Knowledge. It expresses itself in a morbid lust to break the Commandments. We all remember the story of Lot's wife. He practically implored her: 'Don't look around!' — the rest is history. Women! But there's a simple remedy: instead of forbidding, you should explicitly command her to turn around."

That made sense. Last night, in a restaurant, I applied the preventive method. As soon as Bar-Honig, who embezzled IL100,000 and is now having a tough time in court, came in I addressed the little woman.

"Quick, turn around!" I threw at her. "Bar-Honig has just come in!" She turned around at once and rested her eyes searchingly on the shaken man. I almost died of shame. I think I'll travel down to Sodom and check that pillar of salt. I have a feeling that it's really Mr. Lot.

Translated by Yehoshua Goldman
(By arrangement with Ma'ariv)

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DAR-GIL

Many senior-citizen couples dream for years of a place in which they will be able to follow an independent, leisurely life style; a place in which they will be able to continue with their occupation, or devote themselves to their hobbies, under conditions appropriate to their age and station.



Shlomo Ovidin has erected the Dar-Gil building in Tel Aviv, with such couples in mind. This modern building is of multi-storey construction; it is centrally situated in a quiet neighbourhood. The apartments are pleasant and well designed, and contain all the latest labour-saving improvements and amenities.

The building will contain various facilities, which will be at the service of the residents — laundry, club, etc.

We shall be happy to give you further details. Shlomo Ovidin Ltd., 21 Rehov Leonardo da Vinci, Tel Aviv, Tel. 240211.



Living with shortages



WHEN tomatoes are scarce and dear, do you (1) buy them anyway? (2) buy just a few? (3) substitute other vegetables which are plentiful and cheaper?

The correct choice is No. 3, according to a representative of the Ministry of Agriculture's Home Economics Department, who addressed a press conference here last week. The discussion about vegetable shortages was organized by the Israel Consumer Council, and the speaker was Mrs. Tamara Cohen of the Ministry.

"We have become spoiled in recent years by the abundance of summer vegetables on the market in winter," charges Mrs. Cohen. "But because of the severe cold spells, we should return to the practice of eating winter vegetables at this season."

The housewife would do well to forget about tomatoes, eggplant, peppers, marrows and cucumbers for the time being, Mrs. Cohen advises. True, there are small quantities of these available, but they are very costly and often of not very good quality. I did my own market survey last week and found tomatoes averaging about IL2.50 a kilo in both supermarkets and open markets, while light green peppers ran as high as IL5.50 a kilo.

The basic premise of the press conference was almost too obvious to state: If you don't have enough tomatoes and cucumbers, you should make your salad from cabbage and carrots instead. But apparently, says Mrs. Cohen, Israeli habits are too entrenched to turn easily to substitutes. "It's hard for the Israeli housewife to give up on her tomatoes," she said at the press conference. I heard my Hebrew newspaper colleagues make comments such as, "But the children only like tomatoes," and "You do need a little colour on top of a salad."

Those who must

For those who feel they must have some tomatoes, there are indeed some around — and the prices, while high, are not exorbitant. When I did my survey last week, Superol was selling loose tomatoes at IL2.58 a kilo, while the select, packaged ones were IL3.80 a kilo. The same day, the Carmel Market

in Tel Aviv had tomatoes at prices all the way from 80 agorot a kilo (pretty miserable) up to IL2.80, but there were quite a few respectable ones at IL1.80, IL1.80 and IL2 a kilo.

As to the charge the tomatoes are largely tasteless, Mrs. Cohen says this is due to the practice of picking the tomatoes green, in an effort to beat the frost, rather than letting them ripen on the vine. In general in recent years, I find it hard to get tasty, vine-ripened tomatoes at all. My system for selecting good tomatoes, when there is a choice, is to pick those which seem to have sun-spots or even cracks from the sunshine — not those ultra-smooth, pale pink tomatoes which look so nice and taste so bland.

Mrs. Cohen gave a very impressive list of vegetables which are in season now in plentiful quantities: lettuce, cabbage, carrots, radishes, kohlrabi, celery, beets, cauliflower, spinach, onions and potatoes. In somewhat lesser quantities, but available, are Chinese cabbage, sweet potatoes, and, now at the start of their season, artichokes.

I do not think it necessary to elaborate on the various uses, raw and cooked, of these vegetables. Suffice it to say that the popular Israeli cucumber-and-tomato salad can very nicely be replaced with a lettuce salad, a Waldorf salad of apples, nuts and celery, a shredded carrot salad or a cold slaw of cabbage and carrots, or a beetroot (cooked) salad, either shredded or sliced, with onions. Radishes, kohlrabi, cabbage, celery, carrots and even cauliflower can be minced and raw and plain, or dipped into a dressing, ketchup and mayonnaise is one of the simplest dips. Sour cream with uncooked packaged vegetable soup (try Osem's Country Style Vegetable for a start) makes a novel dip.

You can also eat fruits where vegetables are lacking. Indeed, the line between fruits and vegetables is a thin and unclear one. The Vegetable Production and Marketing Board has just published a booklet, in Hebrew, called "Vegetables of Our Land" — the companion volume to the earlier "Fruits of Our Land". The vegetable book includes melons and strawberries, along with what are commonly designated as vegetables. The distinction professionally is based on how things grow, not whether we eat them with the meal or as dessert.

Hardly affected

The citrus supply to the local market was hardly affected by the frost, and bananas remain plentiful, as do apples and pears. Strawberries are only at the very start of their season, but Mrs. Cohen reported that the plants were not harmed by the cold and there will be plenty of good berries later on. Some of the sub-tropical fruits were affected by the cold, and Mrs. Cohen cited mangoes and avocados. The latter are available, but are not cheap.

The "Vegetables of Our Land" booklet, which contains recipes as well as photos and descriptions of each vegetable, is soon to go on sale at a nominal price. It is to be available at bookstores and newsstands, and I strongly suggest its sale at supermarkets as well.

As for the quibbles, the Ministry of Agriculture warns that it will be another three months or more before tomatoes, cucumbers and eggplant are restored to normal quantities. Mrs. Cohen reminded us

that tomatoes are generally in short supply at Passover, and that the real summer season for vegetables begins in May.

When we look for vegetables, does it matter where we buy? My personal survey last week showed that vegetables are indeed cheaper and better-looking in the outdoor markets than in supermarkets. As for the small greengrocers, their quality and prices vary tremendously from shop to shop.

If you have access to an open-air market and convenient transportation home with your bundles, it is well worth the effort. I can give a few examples of what I found on the self-same day at the Superol on Rehov Allosorov in Tel Aviv and in the Carmel Market off Allenby Road.

At Superol, eggplant was selling for IL4 a kilo, while the Carmel Market had very nice ones for IL3 and even IL2.80. Carrots were IL1.85 at Superol, and IL1 to IL1.60 at the Market. Beets were IL1.90 at Superol, and not very good, whereas the Market had very lovely beets at IL1.20 a kilo and some as cheap as IL1. And so it went, right down the line. Granted, at a supermarket you are paying for the convenience of central shopping, baskets on wheels, and home delivery. But if you have the time and possibility, the outdoor markets give better value for money in fresh produce.

Obbligingly, he told me how to use powdered egg: Mix one teaspoon of egg powder with four tablespoons of water, and you get the equivalent quantity and consistency of one beaten egg. You can't make a boiled egg from it, but you can make an omelette, or use it to dip the schnitzel, or even bake with it, if you're daring. He said that while Superol was selling the powdered egg, most of the other supermarkets were the powdered egg made by a factory in Kiryat Gat from cracked eggs supplied through the Marketing Board, goes mostly to institutions, which have received instructions on its use. Powdered egg costs about the same as the equivalent in fresh eggs.

Another friend of mine, who lives alone, tells me that she has not used eggs at all since the shortage began — partly out of annoyance at the egg-hoarders. Instead, she has been eating more cheese than usual. Indeed, it is perfectly possible to get along without any one particular food for a while. We're only in real trouble when all foods are in short supply.

One of my economy-minded friends told me two years ago that her self-imposed limit on fruit and vegetable prices is IL2 a kilo. This rule can still be followed, while eating a varied diet of fresh produce.

IT is easy enough to substitute carrots for tomatoes, but what do you do for eggs? The egg shortage is still with us, and will be into February, so it appears. Mr. Yisrael Weiner, marketing manager of the Eggs and Poultry Marketing Board, told me the other day that there is already a "light rise" in egg production, but the Board does not want to promise a date on which the shortage will be over.

It would seem that more could be done to spread the shortage evenly over the country. Jerusalem and the North are hardest hit, whereas some people on the coast plain have hardly felt a shortage at all. In fact, one friend just north of Tel Aviv tells me that every time she goes to her proper, he offers her five eggs, while her neighbourhood supermarket is selling a dozen per customer, and as a result, she has more eggs in her refrigerator than usual.

Without a doubt, the shortage has been worsened — though originally caused — by hoarding. I saw a sign in a supermarket: "Let them eat cake" for a

customer rule. It is hard to prevent the same housewife from buying six eggs day after day.

Despite complaints to the contrary, Tauba — one of the principal egg distributors — says it is doing its best to spread the available supply evenly over the country. As for the general picture, "It gets a little better each week," says Tauba's Poultry Department manager, Mr. Eliahu Zisman.

Lately the regular egg shelves of my Superol in Tel Aviv have displayed plastic bags of what one assumes is powdered egg. I say "assumes" because the mysterious bags carry no labelling, much less instructions for use. I have seen customers standing around and discussing what the yellow powder is and what to do with it.

When I put the question to Mr. Zisman of Tauba, he asked, "Wherever you in Israel during the period of Dov Joseph?" I replied that I wasn't, and that in any case, there is a generation of young housewives who have grown up since the days of wartime and food rationing.

At the same time, she has greatly improved the taste of its product by making the Wheat and Malt Krunches much "puffier" than the rather heavy and hard Krunches which first hit the market. Efforts will be made to "lighten" the Bran and Korn Krunches too, she promises.

The now bags will go on sale first at Superol and Consumer Cooperative supermarkets, and later at private grocers.

Martha Meisels

Bread and milk

THE snowstorm in Jerusalem set me thinking. There were newspaper reports and pictures of people lining up outside bread wagons for their daily loaf, and others waiting that they could get no fresh milk. Of the two complaints, I consider the latter more serious a problem, for people with small babies — although even they could probably manage for a day or so on the sealed-bottle sterilized milk or diluted coffee cream, or on powdered formula from the pharmacy. Older children, I'm sure, would be glad to forgo a day's milk in favour of orange juice or soda pop.

I would suggest that families in snow-prone zones who own separate-door freezers would do well to freeze one bag of milk and one loaf of bread for emergencies. Then they could relax and enjoy the snowmen.

A little imagination could easily solve the problem of no fresh bread for a day or two. What about the old-fashioned solution of baking your own bread, rolls or muffins for a change — provided you have power to run the stove, and can buy the necessary ingredients. Or perhaps the Marie Antoinette suggestion: "Let them eat cake" for a

day. On Passover, we exist very nicely for an entire week on matzot. Surely our shops have sufficient matzot, crackers and biscuits on hand to keep a city going for a few days without bread at all. And what about eating more pasta and potatoes in place of bread? Home-fried potatoes make a nice breakfast treat. So do pancakes. Or a double helping of breakfast cereal.

I suspect the absence of one's daily bread is more of a psychological problem than a dietary one. No one really expects snow in Jerusalem to last more than a day or two. Then the familiar leaves will be back in their places, to be taken for granted, bought in quantities greater than actual need, and thrown out at the first sign of staleness.

A happy crunch

THERE is good news from the breakfast cereal front. Shefa Protein Industries Ltd., which makes the "Krunch" line of cereals, has just come out with a new economy packaging. It will continue with boxed cereals too, but its Wheat Krunch and Malt Krunch are now available in a less expensive bag made of "polymyl", a moisture-resistant plastic which feels almost like paper.

The Krunch bags carry a recommended price to the consumer of IL3 for 300 grams of cereal. The Shefa boxes have 250 grams at IL2.90. Shefa admits that its back-to-the-bag decision came largely in reaction to consumer complaints about the price of Blüte's Rice Crispies, which sell for IL2.50 for a 170-gram box, which replaced the earlier economy-sized bags.

At the same time, she has greatly improved the taste of its product by making the Wheat and Malt Krunches much "puffier" than the rather heavy and hard Krunches which first hit the market. Efforts will be made to "lighten" the Bran and Korn Krunches too, she promises.

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A day in a welfare office

By Lea Levavi

Jerusalem Post Reporter

WHEN Mrs. B. lived in a shack, slept in a three-legged bed and had no money to buy food, she never complained. Today — with a new apartment, decent furniture and a part-time job — she is demanding and aggressive.

I was visiting the Kfar Shalem Welfare Office, one of the smaller of the Tel Aviv municipality's five district welfare offices. It is also one of the "quietest" and most pleasant. Located in central Tel Aviv, off Allenby Road, the office is nicely furnished — chairs replacing the familiar welfare-office benches in the waiting rooms. The policeman permanently on duty there — I had been told before Mrs. B. arrived — was there "just in case." Other welfare offices had been plagued by violence and had to demand police protection. The Kfar Shalem office received the same protection as the others but mainly as a precaution. Yet suddenly, the policeman was working and my quiet conversation with Dvora Landau, director of the office, came to an abrupt halt.

"I've called a police car for you," the policeman was shouting at Mrs. B. who was too absorbed in her own screaming and sobbing to notice.

"I'm not crazy," she repeated over and over again, referring to something he had previously said. "All I want is my washing machine. I brought it here to be fixed two weeks ago. I want my washing machine." Mrs. Landau opened the door of her room and Mrs. B. burst in shrieking, "Tell him I'm not crazy."

"You know, yesterday I sat with the counsellor at your workshop all morning to persuade her to take you back to work." (Mrs. B. had taken a sewing course and Mrs. Landau had got her part-time work at one of the welfare office's sheltered workshops for the handicapped, since she has a minor disability. She had violently objected to being transferred from one sewing machine to another and she had harassed counsellor threw her out, until Mrs. Landau intervened.) Finally Mrs. B. calmed down, invited Mrs. Landau to visit her new flat, apologized for her behaviour and left. "She and her husband don't get along," Mrs. Landau explained to me, "and a neighbour is accusing Mrs. B. of having an affair with her husband. The neighbour even came here, insulted her and tried to rip her dress. She's also afraid, because moving into the new apartment we got her will mean switching welfare offices and she doesn't want to go to a new welfare office. Besides, this is the second washing machine we bought you in less than five years. Remember how quickly you broke the first one? We didn't have to buy you another one so easily but we wanted to help you. So now, when we tell you it will take a month for

it to be fixed, you have to wait patiently."

As I listened to Mrs. Landau's reasoning and Mrs. B.'s hysteria, my first impulse was to ask myself: how can a woman who has been given so much at others' expense be so ungrateful? Why, now that things have improved for her, can she suddenly be so aggressive? How much must be done for people like this? But that was only for a fraction of a second. The next question I asked myself was more embarrassing: is she all wrong and the rest of us 100 per cent right? How can I pass judgement when I'm only "eavesdropping?"

While I was on the Olympus of my own philosophizing, Mrs. Landau was quieting Mrs. B. and convincing the policeman to send the patrol car, which had just come, away without Mrs. B. "You see," Mrs. Landau said to Mrs. B. "If you talk to people quietly and tell them something is bothering you, they will try to understand. If you shout at them, they'll call the police."

Convincing counsellor

"You know, yesterday I sat with the counsellor at your workshop all morning to persuade her to take you back to work." (Mrs. B. had taken a sewing course and Mrs. Landau had got her part-time work at one of the welfare office's sheltered workshops for the handicapped, since she has a minor disability. She had violently objected to being transferred from one sewing machine to another and she had harassed counsellor threw her out, until Mrs. Landau intervened.) Finally Mrs. B. calmed down, invited Mrs. Landau to visit her new flat, apologized for her behaviour and left. "She and her husband don't get along," Mrs. Landau explained to me, "and a neighbour is accusing Mrs. B. of having an affair with her husband. The neighbour even came here, insulted her and tried to rip her dress. She's also afraid, because moving into the new apartment we got her will mean switching welfare offices and she doesn't want to go to a new welfare office. Besides, this is the second washing machine we bought you in less than five years. Remember how quickly you broke the first one? We didn't have to buy you another one so easily but we wanted to help you. So now, when we tell you it will take a month for

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Jerusalem Post Reporter

WHEN Mrs. B. lived in a shack, slept in a three-legged bed and had no money to buy food, she never complained. Today — with a new apartment, decent furniture and a part-time job — she is demanding and aggressive.

I was visiting the Kfar Shalem Welfare Office, one of the smaller of the Tel Aviv municipality's five district welfare offices. It is also one of the "quietest" and most pleasant. Located in central Tel Aviv, off Allenby Road, the office is nicely furnished — chairs replacing the familiar welfare-office benches in the waiting rooms. The policeman permanently on duty there — I had been told before Mrs. B. arrived — was there "just in case." Other welfare offices had been plagued by violence and had to demand police protection. The Kfar Shalem office received the same protection as the others but mainly as a precaution. Yet suddenly, the policeman was working and my quiet conversation with Dvora Landau, director of the office, came to an abrupt halt.

"I've called a police car for you," the policeman was shouting at Mrs. B. who was too absorbed in her own screaming and sobbing to notice.

"I'm not crazy," she repeated over and over again, referring to something he had previously said. "All I want is my washing machine. I brought it here to be fixed two weeks ago. I want my washing machine." Mrs. Landau opened the door of her room and Mrs. B. burst in shrieking, "Tell him I'm not crazy."

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Yael — famed Israel pilot set precedent

By Ya'acov Friedler
Jerusalem Post Reporter

LAST week's announcement by an American airline that it is hiring a woman as a pilot and the U.S. Navy's decision to train eight women pilots, follow a precedent set in the 1950s when a woman trained by the Israel Air Force flew first in combat and later for a scheduled airline.

Yael Rom, who now works as an educator at the Technion, was the sabra who earned her pilot's wings in 1951 from the Israel Air Force's Flying School, then flew on active duty, piloting transport planes, until she was discharged in 1953.

Continuing as a reservist Yael was called up for the 1956 Sinai Campaign and flew the lead C-47 which dropped paratroops over the Sinai Desert's Mitla Pass in one of the brief war's most daring operations. She also flew several addi-

tional missions during the war.

Then, in 1957, Yael went to work for Arkia Airlines, a domestic subsidiary of El Al, flying scheduled civilian DC-3s from Tel Aviv to Eilat, thus becoming the first woman pilot to fly for a scheduled airline in the West.

Now pursuing her second career, Yael is the counsellor for a special preparatory course at the Technion for soldiers from families who immi-

grated from Islamic countries. Yael, now 40, is the mother of three children and the wife of Professor Josef Rom, an aeronautical engineer at the Technion who manages the Institute's Wind Tunnel Laboratory.

After leaving the Air Force Reserve in 1960, upon the birth of her first child, and having accumulated over 1,800 hours of flying time, Yael became a weekend flyer, piloting light aircraft as a hobby. Today she maintains her private flying licence and is a member of "99," the international organisation of women pilots, which she joined in 1958.



Yael Rom in her new role as educator.

Scholarships for 150

By Lea Levavi

Jerusalem Post Reporter

A YEMENITE girl from a family of 10, studying theatre and philosophy — a mother of five children, whose artistic talents were only recently discovered, studying art... These are two of the 150 girls and women who received scholarships awarded by Moetzet Hapoa'lot Pioneer Women at a ceremony held Sunday evening in Tel Aviv.

The scholarships, which range from IL250 to IL500, were given to women studying everything from medicine to marketing, from social work to biochemistry — a total of 26 different professions and trades. Many come from development towns. Some are city girls whose husbands are also students and whose parents cannot help the young couple.

"These girls can be among the most serious students," Haya Zipman, director of the Moetzet Hapoa'lot Scholarship Department, told the audience, which included some of the donors. "They aren't going to school because their parents are pushing them. They're studying because they want to study."

Rose Kaufman, chairman of the Standing Scholarship Committee and former president of Pioneer Women in the United States, said the scholarship programme is particularly close to her heart because she remembers her own struggle for a higher education, as the daughter of poor immigrants to America.

Moetzet Hapoa'lot hopes these girls will be the future of the working women's movement. Beba Idelson, secretary-general of Moetzet Hapoa'lot and chairman of the evening, stressed, "I'm sure you'll tell everyone about your scholarship. But I hope that isn't all you'll have to say about Moetzet Hapoa'lot. I also hope you will join us when you start working."

The scholarship fund, which started in 1967 with a few thousand pounds, has now grown to IL230,000. The interest on the fund which reached IL17,000 this year, is the money used for the scholarships.

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Today it is difficult to remember a time when there was no "NECA 7" — in fact it was created only eight years ago. Since then it has been in first place in the preferred product poll for four years. Is there anyone today who does not use one of the different kinds of "NECA 7"?



"NECA 7" — first in the 1973 preferred product poll
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away from home

By Hadassah Bat Haim

SPENDING the winter season in London may have been desirable for frost-bitten lairs and squirrels, reheating from wind-swept moors, but for one remembering the mild climate and leisurely pace of Nahariya the attractions could easily have been reduced till the temperatures rose above freezing point. Especially as my part of the season does not include any balls, operas, plays or concerts.

I do a little dancing it is true, when I demonstrate to my grandson Jonathan the meaning of ballet and we execute a few skillful piquettes in the nursery or glide through a pas de deux together on the kitchen floor. I rise surprisingly well to his challenge as to whether I still know how to skip. That "still" though no doubt kindly meant, has a sinister sound which moves me to refute it; also I find the exercise very warming.

Later on however I am forced to pay for this brash behaviour by being obliged to walk bent double to accommodate aching joints and strained muscles. I am further required to prove myself in other ways, such as standing on one leg, kicking a ball, mending fire engines and telling him the stories that I had told his mother.

There is plenty to do without filling in time by theatre-going and such frivolities. Large numbers of relatives to see, all of whom have grown discernably older in contrast to policemen and postmen, who have become noticeably younger. So markedly in fact that I have the impression that the authorities are now recruiting schoolboys into uniformed jobs.

These members of the civil service have developed a distressing tendency to address me as "ma" (very civilly of course) where it used to be "dear." One must be grateful that they have not yet progressed as far as "grandma" and as Jonathan uses my Hebrew title they will not get any clues from him. However the fishmonger — a man nearer my own age — calls me "dacha" as he presses into my hand what he describes as a "lovely parcel of errands" and the bus conductor, a grizzled Palestinian, evidently feels that "chuckie" is not inappropriate.

In preparation for his eventual return to Israel, Jonathan has learned several Hebrew songs which he

sings loudly and at every opportunity, for which he has my complete approval, though I could wish him a little less zealous as he launches himself onto my bed before dawn.

Only the fact that dawn in this season of foggy and almost perpetual night comes at an hour where

people who live in a more reasonable climate have already got half a day's work done saves him from annihilation.

What is irksome is his assumption that my English is somehow defective and he kindly translates the basic phrases for me adding firmly

that only English dogs say "woof." Hebrew speaking ones, such as appear in my stories, say "how."

I could not attempt to deceive him as he has been to Israel and heard them himself. I apologize and correct this misrepresentation, explaining that in ancient times like me, both be suited.

memory failures, even of essential items, are frequent. Securing his agreement that the sooner we get back to where we belong, where important controversies such as these can be settled by listening out of the window, the better we shall both be suited.



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Kosher

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE — FAMILY PAGE

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

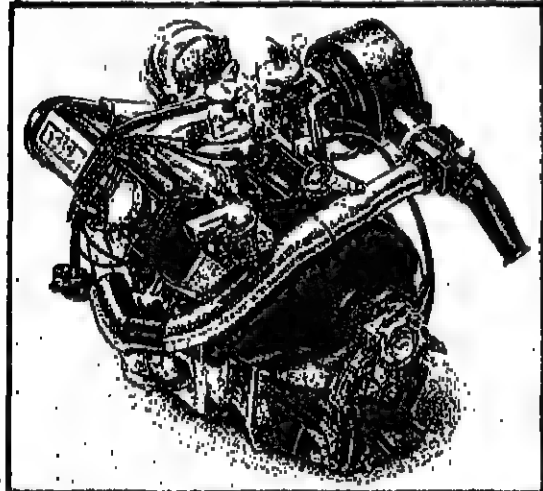
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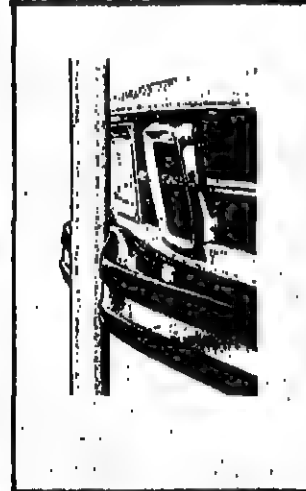


There is also a SAAB 99L four door model

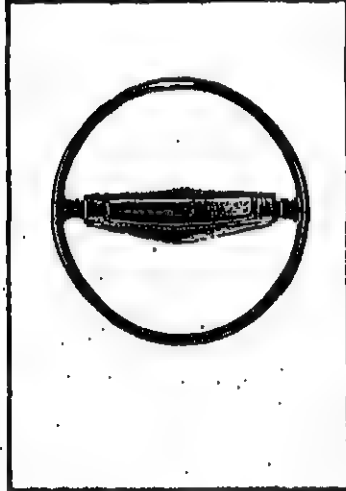


The SAAB 99 has a new 2.0 litre Swedish engine with an overhead camshaft. It develops 95 HP DIN. This capacity gives it high acceleration, and ensures adequate power for overtaking.

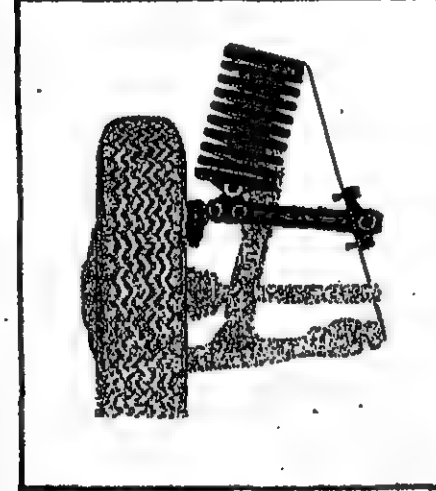
The modern conception of the SAAB engine ensures high running economy. The engine has been adapted for 94 octane petrol. The engine oil needs to be changed and routine maintenance carried out every 10,000 kilometres. We can also supply the well known 1.85 litre engine, which has all the above advantages.



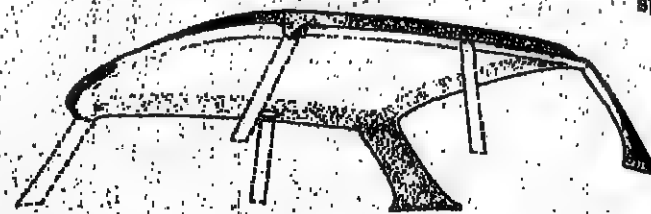
THE SAAB BUMPERS
This is the first car to meet the new American Safety Standards. The bumpers are made to absorb any shock received with the car travelling at 5 m.p.h. No damage will be caused to any part of the car. Both the front and rear bumpers are built to these special standards.



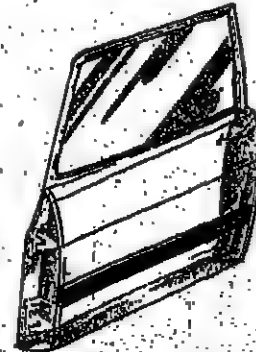
The SAAB 99, the safe car, has front-wheel drive. In this day and age, there is no need to explain how much this contributes to stability on curves and at higher speeds. With front wheel drive, the steering is stable and accurate, and it is easy to turn the steering wheel.



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THEATRE
MENDEL KOHANSKY

Staging an unstageable play

THE three of the title are irrelevant and poorly executed, creates no interest where no intrinsic interest exists. It moves slowly, tediously and on virtually one dramatic level, to its inconclusive end.

There is a brighter aspect to the play. The cast performing their thankless roles demonstrate that there is some real acting talent in Jerusalem. Esther Veedel, in the leading part of Zipporah, is an attractive actress with fine diction and a good stage presence, who could probably prove herself in a playable part. Shira Silverman, as the ancient Miriam, is a striking figure with her gaunt frame and gaunt, sharp features, a Spanish aristocrat lost in the desert; Pauline Hahn is an actress with a great deal of energy wasted on a hopeless part; and Miriam Iron, as the nurse who knows it all, makes rather awkward attempts at injecting some humour into the proceedings.

Danny Weinberger designed eye-catching costumes which have little to do with the desert milieu; Yehiel Orgal contributed dramatic lighting; and Richard Farber punctuates the show with a variety of percussive sounds.

English theatre

Three is the most recent of many attempts to establish an English-speaking theatre in Jerusalem. The earliest of these, as far as my not-so-extensive research has revealed, was an amateur group composed of civil servants which functioned under the British Mandate some 40 years ago, where the casting was done according to rank; the higher the official, the bigger the part, with the player's full title appearing in the programme.

There were more serious attempts, one in fact very serious. I am referring to the Ma'agal Theatre which flourished, for a regrettably short time, in the mid-sixties. It was a theatre of astonishingly high quality. A handful of amateurs and semi-professionals, under the leadership of Philip Diskin, an American psychologist doubling as director, with no budget to speak of, not only produced shows of a high standard, but was so advanced in its repertoire as to make all the Hebrew-language theatres in Tel Aviv seem backward. They started with "The Makdis" by Genet, who didn't yet exist as far as the Hebrew theatre was concerned; continued with Alfred Jarry's "Ubu Roi," a modern classic which had to wait six years for its first performance; and then proceeded to do "The Bald Soprano" by Ionesco, who was just being discovered by the repertory theatres.

Ma'agal was probably the last published theatre in history. The attempt the 'impossible' — to audience, which filled the basement an unstageable play — and naturally failed. Her choreography and it didn't take much to fill the show; the choreography

instance by word of mouth. The critics were not invited. I travelled to Jerusalem to see one of its shows when I heard about it from an enthusiastic friend.

Eight years later, I clearly remember Philip Diskin's production of "Ubu Roi," the forerunner of what came to be known as the Theatre of the Absurd, a shockingly revealing satire on historical tragedy. I was delighted to find in Jerusalem, the theatrical desert, something which was better by far than anything the professional Hebrew theatre in Tel Aviv had to offer, with high-standard acting

and Diskin's superb direction. My memory is buttressed by my files. In my review I wrote: "It is a measure of the director's skill that he even managed to present 'battle scenes' on the postage-stamp space available to him, with three or four bedraggled soldiers raising as much hell as a whole army, and scaring the audience as their wooden swords swung uncomfortably close to the spectators' faces."

Following that and other enthusiastic reviews, the Ma'agal Theatre emerged from its literal and metaphorical underground existence to perform out-

Photo: Zipporah (Esther Veedel) is comforted by her slave Rifat (Miriam Iron) in "Three."

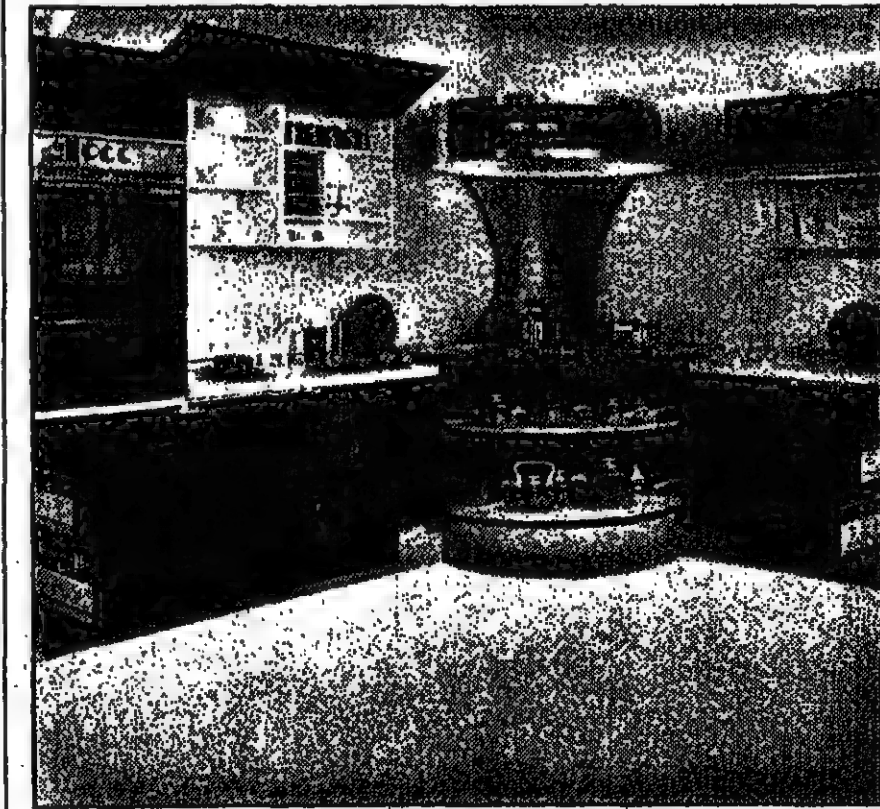
side Jerusalem in larger halls too. I don't know why the Ma'agal disappeared; it had something to do with the establishment of the Khan Theatre in its first incarnation, with Diskin's short-lived service as artistic director there. He left the country soon after.

About five years later, a group of public-spirited Jerusalem citizens banded together to found a theatre, and after long preparations accompanied by much fanfare, an opening night took place in a rather chichi basement. The response must have been disappointing, for the production — and the committee — soon gave up the ghost.

And all through that time there were experiments in Tel Aviv, the most durable being the amateur Little English Theatre, and even in Haifa. What they have all proved is that there is some talent available, and if nothing permanent and of value has so far appeared, it is only because the necessary framework has not yet been found.

Chocolate, Mint, Mastic is as silly as its title, a crudely compiled revue about those idyllic days when Tel Aviv was a small town, everybody knew everybody else, etc. The star is Zipporah, a bouncy comedienne with inexhaustible energy, who must have been great fun at school and in her army unit. The rest are amateurs made to go through their paces, speak silly lines and sing silly lyrics, of which the title song was the worst.

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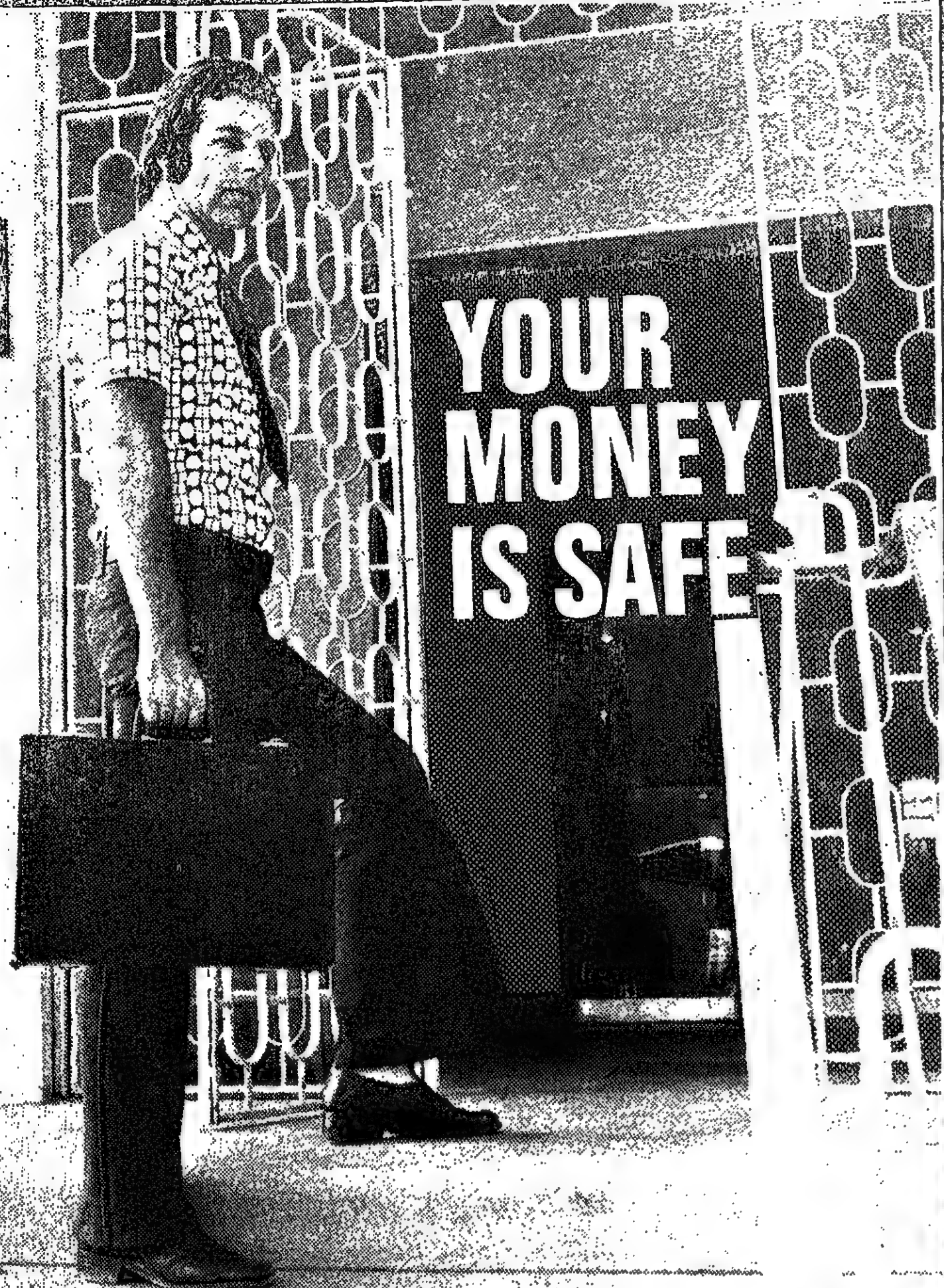
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FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1973

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PAGE TWENTY-NINE

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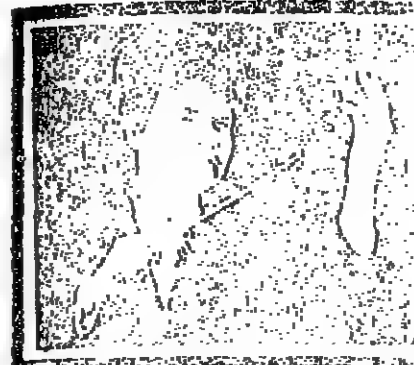


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MUSICAL WOMEN'S LIB

OWING to a garbled review of nine about Israel's only female orchestra conductor, Dahlia Atlas, I feel compelled to go deeper into the subject of women's lib as far as music is concerned, so as to forestall a flood of protests from Emmeline Pankhursts with music academy degrees.

In music history, women make an appearance fairly late. Renaissance printers equip the creatures with trombones and all sorts of other instruments, but the association would seem to be only symbolic since angels were always depicted as female (with the exception, of course, of the supreme triumvirate, the arch-angels Michael, Raphael and Gabriel) and the concerts were all heavenly occasions.

In the Middle Ages, professional musicians were probably restricted to dancing in market places and playing tambourines, castanets and similar percussive instruments. Later it became fashionable for ladies of leisure to play the harpsichord or the clavichord, but no outstanding achievements, either in performing or composing, are recorded.

Apart from participation in mixed choirs, no professional activities can be traced and so, understandably, no creative efforts could be nurtured and developed. Even the natural outlet for musical talents — the opera — was denied to them as castrati sang the female roles right into the 18th century (the last male soprano is reputed to have been Giovanni Battista Velluti, who died in 1881). For which injustice women took revenge by impersonating men (Cherubino in "The Marriage of Figaro," Prince Orlovsky in "Die Fledermaus," Octavian in "Der Rosenkavalier" and many others — including also the page-boys in operas by Meyerbeer and Verdi.)

In the 19th century the wall seems to crack but, apart from famous singers, the only woman musician of stature is Clara Wieck-Schumann — composer, outstanding pianist, wife of Robert Schumann (and a very good one she was!) and mother of several children. The first woman to win the Grand Prix de Rome was Lili Boulanger (1893-1918), who received the precious award for a cantata, "Faust at Hécène,"

In 1913, her elder sister and teacher Nadia — who at 86 is still active in Paris — having won only the second Prix de Rome in 1908 for her "L'Étranger."

Women have by now established their place in the concert world as pianists (Myra Hess, Ell Noy, Lilli Kraus, Rosalyn Tureck), harpsichordists (Landowska, Almee van der Wiel), violinists and cellists, though the natural instrument for a woman's gracefulness seems to be the harp. Nearly all the orchestras in the world have harpists in their rows, even the pronounced anti-woman institutions, though here again the leading performers belong to the wrong side of the ledger: Nicanor Zabaleta, Carlos Salzedo, Marcel Grandjany, Pierre Jamet, to name only a few.

When women are outstanding they really get things going. Wanda Landowska has probably done more for the harpsichord in our time than any other executant on the particular instrument. Nadia Boulanger is an institution — there is hardly any musician, composer, conductor or whatever who has not studied with her at one time or another. She appears in practically all the biographies and essays on great musicians of the last 60 years. Dame Myra Hess with her lunchtime concerts at the National Gallery during the London blitz, taught a whole nation the value of listening to music in an appropriate frame and at an appropriate time.

As composers, none ranks high on Olympus, though Dame Ethel Smyth (1858-1944) could boast of a long list of compositions and, in our own time, Elisabeth Luytens (born in 1906) was one of the first British musicians to put Schoenberg's 12-note teaching into practice. She occupies an honoured place among contemporary English composers.

In musical criticism, none was more feared than Claudia Cassidy during her 23-year tenure on the "Chicago Tribune."

In orchestras, women apparently have difficulty in getting the same opportunities as men. Material in my possession indicates an unfair ratio between women and men. The New York Philharmonic in 1967 had only two women as against 103 men, a ratio of 1:51. Other examples are the Chicago Symphony, 1967-68,

7 women, 99 men (1:14); the Cleveland Symphony, 1972-73, 13 women, 92 men (1:7); the Halle Orchestra of Manchester, 1968, 21 women, 66 men (1:3); the London Symphony, 1964, 1 woman, 100 men (1:100).

The position in Israel at present looks like this: the I.P.O., 11 women, 100 men (1:9); the Broadcasting Orchestra, 16 women, 58 men (1:3.6); Israel Chamber Ensemble, 6 women, 28 men (1:4.6); the Haifa Symphony, 11 women, 39 men (1:3.5).

There are two women in the Israel Police Band and several girls in the Israel Defence Force Band;

the proportion in the Gadna Symphony and the Young Israel Symphony Orchestra should be appreciably higher.

As conductors, women do useful work with choirs, in Israel and abroad, though there is none, to my knowledge, who has made a mark on the international scene as an orchestra conductor of consequence. Our own Dahlia Atlas — she and Aviva Elhorn are the only two whose names are at all familiar even in Israel — claims that being a woman is a handicap in this profession, a statement which may be only partially true. Pre-

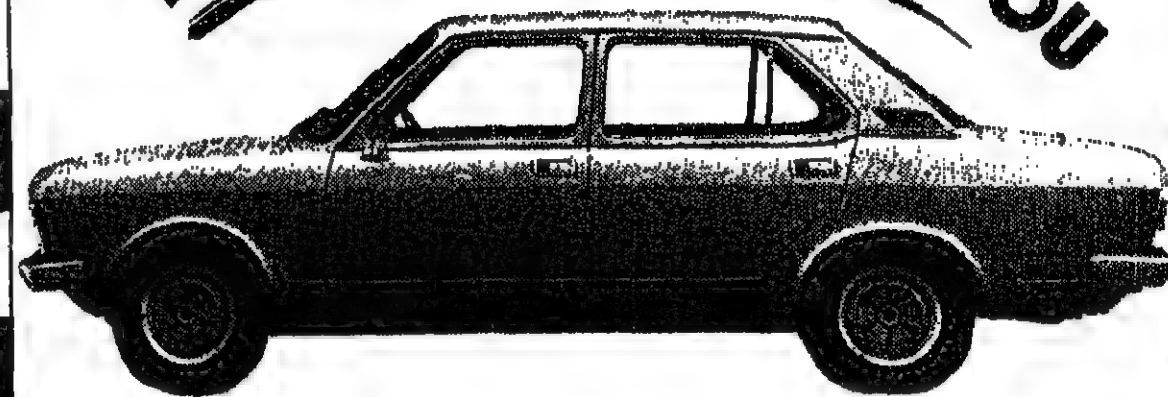
Photos: Women conductors Dahlia Atlas, left, and Charlotte Azono of the Stuttgart Youth Chamber Orchestra.

Judice plays its part undoubtedly, but we have seen that outstanding women made their imprint on music history even before Women's Lib was invented.

THE new dimensions in music will be explored in a new series of "happenings" which are to take place at the Tel Aviv Museum, sponsored by Israel Broadcasting in cooperation with the Museum and the Tel Aviv Municipality. *Musique concrete*, aleatoric freedom, electronic devices, films, public participation — no trick will apparently be left untried in an effort to produce some exciting results. The programmes — the first will "happen" on February 1 (see "Poster") will be broadcast live though, of course, it should be an experience to participate on the spot, especially as there will be a meeting at the Museum's cafeteria after the event to discuss the things just heard, seen and experienced.

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**AUTHORIZED GARAGES
ALL OVER THE COUNTRY**

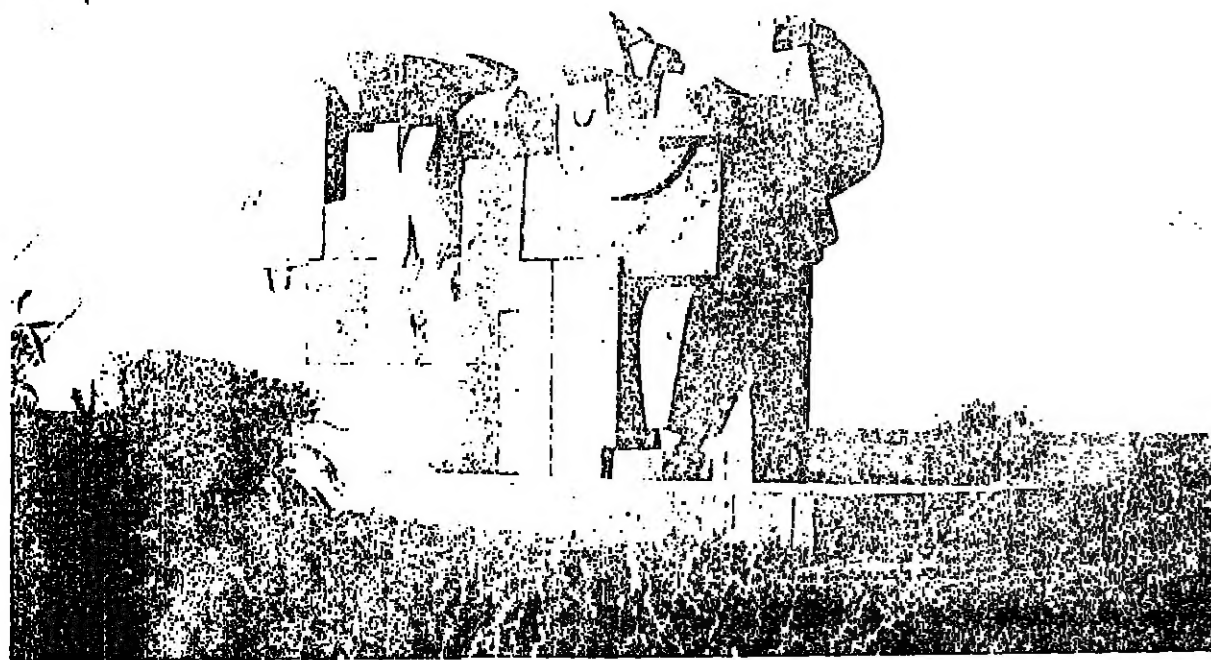
FIAT

RADIO FOR MUSIC LOVERS

TODAY: 8.10: Brahms: Choral Song; Copland: Royal Concerto; Shostakovich: Symphony No. 1 (Bertini); 8.55 p.m.: Feroze Ertel: "Bank Bar" (Hajjarian Suite Opera); 9.05: Janacek: Highlights from "Jenufa"; 9.10 p.m.: Band Music; 9.45 p.m.: Bach: French Suite in G; Bloch: "Les Femmes" (Jose Kahan); Mozart: String Quartet, K. 576 (Acollin); 9.50 p.m.: Symphony Concert from the Jerusalem Theatre (see "Poster").

WEDNESDAY: 8.10: O.P.E. Bach: Sonata; Dvorak: Trio for 3 Violins and Viola; Schubert: "Ständchen"; 8.55: Berlioz: Symphonie fantastique (Fritze); 10.55: Bernstein: "Fidelio" (N.Y. Philharmonic); Mozart: Piano Concerto, K. 455 (Bernstein-Vincent); Bernstein: Movement from "Chichester Psalms" (N.Y. Philharmonic); 11.00 p.m.: Mendelssohn: Gloria; Ramondia: Violin Concerto; 11.30 p.m.: Brahms: Sonata No. 2; 11.40 p.m.: Symphony Concert (request from Tuesday night); 11.55 p.m.: "Fireside and Eusebius".

THURSDAY: 8.10: ... 20 Paris — Mozart: Okeanos; Delius: 10.55 (repeated); Israel Chamber Ensemble — Berlin — 11.00 p.m.: Brahms: Concerto No. 2; Suite No. 3; Double Concerto; 11.30 p.m.: Ave Maria — Saint Mater (Les Verdi); 11.40 p.m.: Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5 (Brendel); 11.55 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 12.05 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 12.10 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 12.15 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 12.20 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 12.25 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 12.30 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 12.35 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 12.40 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 12.45 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 12.50 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 12.55 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 1.00 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 1.05 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 1.10 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 1.15 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 1.20 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 1.25 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 1.30 p.m.: "New Dimensions in Vienna"; 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'Gate of Peace' in T.A.

by Gil Goldfine

TEL AVIV-Jaffa has received its first public sculpture. Installed on a hill in Independence Park, facing the sea, the work was presented to the city by the Tel Aviv Foundation for Literature and Art. Donations by Baron J.B. Urvater of Paris and the sculptor Pietro Cascella were made available through the efforts of Mrs. Suzy Blum (Foundation Board Member) and Mr. Emilie Najjar, Israel's Ambassador to Italy, and Mrs. Najjar.

The work was created and hand-hewn by Cascella, a sculptor of international reputation, who recently completed his award-winning memorial monument at Auschwitz. After visiting Israel last year, Mr. Cascella became involved in the life of the country and decided that he wanted to participate in the design of a meaningful monument. Called

"Gate of Peace," the work is a massive, impressive structure weighing 112 tons and chiseled from rough, antique Roman stone.

Vigorous, austere

Austere and vigorous and looking like an ancient ziggurat, the sculpture is a thoughtful combination of architectural and plastic forms. Designed as an archway, the side views present a look of complete solidity. At both ends, however, an opening allows entrance into the edifice and forms a tunnelled void along the horizontal axis. By entering the tunnel the viewer finds himself in the core and is embraced and comforted by the security and strength of the stone. Interlocking blocks, symbolizing reliance and cooperation, form the rectangular architectural base. The sources of which are difficult to ascertain.

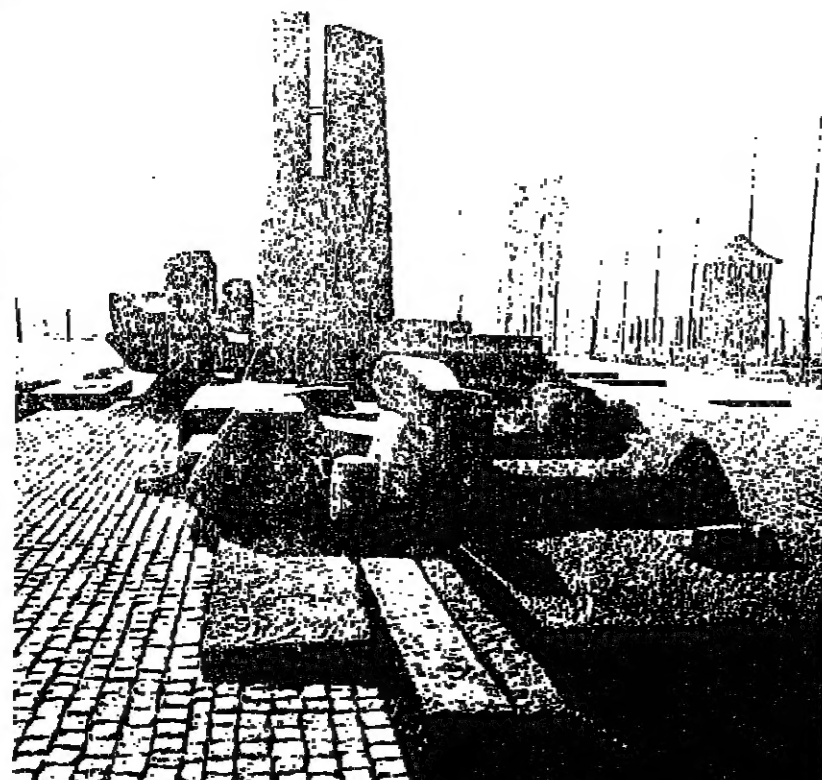
With the exception of a nautilus

shape (symbolic of continuity and time) and an apparent kneeling figure in prayer, the remainder of the upper part is composed of a variety of carefully placed interdependent forms. Their assembly is designed so that the imagery curiously establishes a feeling of historically traditional Middle Eastern cultures, in concept, style and materials.

Though the work lacks the accepted "look" of contemporary sculpture, we have, nevertheless, been provided with a sculpture of tenacious strength and spirit.

It should be noted that the Tel Aviv Foundation for Literature and Art, recently established by Tel Aviv Mayor Yehoshua Rabinowitz, is an independent, public, non-profit institution. Mr. Kair, its director, has indicated that many more projects are being planned, designed to improve the cultural atmosphere and the physical look of Tel Aviv.

"Gate of Peace," a new public sculpture, Independence Park, Tel Aviv, by Pietro Cascella. Below: Memorial at Auschwitz by Cascella.



GALLERY GUIDE

TEL AVIV

THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM — Main building: Permanent exhibition of Israeli painting and sculpture, the largest and most comprehensive in the country. Contemporary Swiss painting, "Art and Science" — a more condensed version of the popular semi-permanent exhibition. Alma paintings, drawings and prints and Yair Gertler's paintings and drawings. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion.

SILVIA CAPLAN — A graduate of the Academy of Rio de Janeiro here since 1959 shows drawings and all paintings, mostly portraits. He is an academic-realist in the true sense, accomplished in anatomy, technique and formal composition. But his paintings lack the lustre needed to lift them above the mundane. Local, unimpaired colour of straight-forward facts are accompanied by overlays of transparent light beams; used compositionally (not spatially) to "break" the space. The drawings, on the other hand, establish a visual rapport with the viewer. These portraits, in the main, are of local people in the area of Rishon, the artist's home. Have a good range of simple emotions accompanied with ease and dexterity. (I.G.A. House, 1 Daniel Frish St. Tel Aviv Jan. 30) (G.G.)

MICHAEL EISEMANN — Combines the influences of David Hockney's early pop style and Northern expressionism in a varied series of paintings and semi-abstract pencil and ink drawings. Using a cartoon approach, the figurative work (well developed) has a strong, almost self-styled, early abstract drawings that attempt to define the figure through overt exaggeration. But the influence of David Hockney's early pop style and Northern expressionism is evident. The drawings, on the other hand, establish a visual rapport with the viewer. These portraits, in the main, are of local people in the area of Rishon, the artist's home. Have a good range of simple emotions accompanied with ease and dexterity. (I.G.A. House, 1 Daniel Frish St. Tel Aviv Jan. 30) (G.G.)

Drawing by Michael Eisemann (Gordon Gallery, Tel Aviv).

tion and confusion creates a situation hard to digest. (Chernomirsky Gallery, 36 Gordon St.) Tel Aviv, 8 (G.G.)

RUTH DANZIG and SHILO KATZ — Two young painters who ascribe to the familiar style of pop-assembly and shaped panels. In this very limited show Danzig poses for all space and reality. Creating a life situation on a flat plane, she combines a poorly painted Ozama still life placed in a real frame, silk curtains and a suspended view of an interior scene. Danzig for the past 10 years has been working for the past 10 years and has been working for the past 10 years and has been working for the past 10 years.

JOSEPH OHRITZ — Recent paintings (Yad Lebanon, Petah Tikva) and a suspended view of an interior scene. Danzig for the past 10 years has been working for the past 10 years and has been working for the past 10 years.

MALVINA KAPLAN — Paintings and miniatures. (Dugith Gallery, 43 Frishman St.) Tel Aviv, 10.

GROUP SHOW — Including work by Danzig, Danzig, and Herman Struck. (Dugith Gallery, 43 Frishman St.) Tel Aviv, 10.

VERONIKA NEMES — Recent oil paintings by a young artist. (Gallery Farming, 226 Ben Yehuda St.) Tel Aviv, 17.

ARTISTS PAVILION — Group show representing members of the Tel Aviv Association of Painters and Sculptors. (Artists Pavilion, 4 Al-Harist St.) Tel Aviv, 4.

SARA ARAF — Oil paintings and drawings reporting on a "Private Journey to Wonderland". (Old Jaffa Gallery, 14 S. Mazal Aris, Old Jaffa) Opens Sat. eve.

DRAWINGS — By some of Israel's younger avant-garde artists including Micha Ullman, Aviv, and Moshe Kadishman. (Yodfat Gallery, 190 D. Songot St.) Tel Aviv, 17.

HANNA LIPSHITZ — Established international artist shows recent paintings. (Marilyn Museum, 13 Ben Jan St., Marillyn) Opens Sat., 11:30

JUDITH BAR-EBEN — Inspired by the landscapes surrounding Jerusalem, she has translated her feelings into a minimalist action painting. (Levick House Gallery, 38 Dov Naz St.) Tel Aviv, 27.

JACQUES KASZEMACH — Recent paintings and drawings. (Kaszmach Gallery, 13 Ben Jan St., Marillyn) Opens Sat., 11:30

VALENTINA SHAPIRO — Similar to Joseph of her work, but without the gift, dark, moody colors. (Levick House Gallery, 38 Dov Naz St.) Tel Aviv, 27.

YANOOKA — Strangely pictures of dreamy landscapes and interiors are characterized by thin oil washes of sepia and blue. (Maraniti Gallery, 23 Janetz St.)

GROUP SHOW — Of oils and watercolours by European masters including Matisse, Picasso, Fautou, Leger, and Lieberman. (Stara Gallery, 23 Gordon St.)

MICHAEL TONIT — Shows series of canvases and three conceptual, happening-constructions. (Nabat Gallery, 31 Gordon St.)

RAFFI LAVIE — Ceramic sculpture and drawings. (Gallery 40, Reiss 49 from Tel Aviv, 10 Feb. 7.

NEW IMMIGRANTS — Group show of work by 21 artists recently arrived in Israel. Most are from Russia. (Working Mothers Association, 213 Dugith St.) Through Jan.

ZALMAN GAZIT — Paintings (Yad Lebanon, Ramat Gan.) Opens Jan. 17.

GALLERY COLLECTION — Paintings and graphics by noted Israeli and European artists. (Gallery of Modern Art, 4 Mazal Dugith St., Old Jaffa.)

PAPER GALLERY — Recently opened at the Artists' Pavilion, is gallery specializing in works on paper. Included are drawings, watercolours and prints in a variety of media. The gallery is operated as a service to members of the Artists' Association and is non-profit. The public is invited to come in and browse. (Al-Harist St., Tel Aviv.)

GALLERY ISRAEL — Group show from the gallery collection including Danzig, Danzig, and Herman Struck. (Gallery Israel, 11 Israel St.) Through Jan.

YERBA WEINER — Drawings by member of kibbutz Rishon. (Kibbutz Rishon Gallery, 13 Leonarda Da Vinci St.)

GROUP SHOW — Works by Jean David, Cassas, Mikhele, Kedar and others. (Ezra Dorem Gallery of Art, 39 Gordon St.)

GALLERY GUIDE

JERUSALEM

THE ISRAEL MUSEUM — Ram Lavi — paintings, Herta and Paul Amirani — Modern wall paintings from Jerusalem (Lithary Hall). Film-making (Yodfat Wing). Franks Bornheimer — Drawings and Watercolours (Cohen Hall). From Landscape to Abstraction and from Abstraction to Nature (Stern Hall).

FINHAR ESHERY — Three-dimensional canvases (Artists House) from tomorrow morning (10 Feb. 14).

ARAFI BEN MENACHEM — Drawings and etchings (Artists House) from tomorrow (10 Feb. 14).

DAVID SHAPIRO — Small portraits (Kugel Gallery).

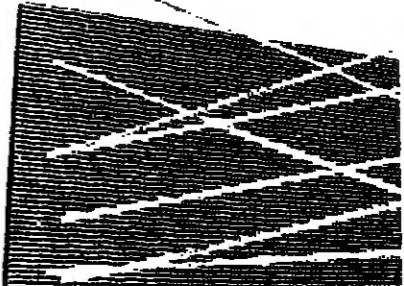
SHATZ GROUP — Mostly Jerusalem paintings of varied persuasions. (Shatz Gallery) (10 Feb. 6).

BETTINA OPPENHEIMER — Memorial show of paintings made of both drawing and photographic techniques, by Jerusalem photographer who died a year ago last week. (Nora Gallery) (10 Jan. 30).

GILAT GROUP — Of ten near-highly, mostly products of private schools in T.A. area. The only real talent is young Jacob Chelof, who shows a vertical abstract pop construction in charming children's book colours. (Gilat Gallery, by appointment, Tel. 36073) (10 Feb. Jan.).

NAIVE PAINTERS — Works by Yehayahu Sheinfeld, Shalom of Safad and Angela Schiller (Kloves Hall, Beit Agra) and by Sheinfeld (Belgium House, H.U. Campus) (10 Jan. and Jan.).

GOLD AND SILVERSMITHING — Unusual and original jewelry and silverware from the Bezalel Academy (Khan) (10 Feb. 7, 11-5; 7:30-10:30 p.m.).



"Vibrations Metalliques" Metal sculpture in brass and aluminum by Raphael Jesus Soto (Goldman's Gallery, Haifa).

HAIFA

YEROSHUA ROTTER — Satisfactorily accomplished oils, of rather small format, in that common style owing something both to expressionism and impressionism, bright high-toned paint, pure colour and set against the picture plane. Light is obtained either by means of white (all life 23) or by contrasting colours. Rotter's strength arises from his ability to communicate the type of person, e.g. an oldish woman (18) note the harmonious opposition of the red hair or wig and the blue dress — and the leaning standing man (16), or objective significance in the figures. The much larger landscapes have the same hybrid style but less personal to the artist; their light could either be interior, as before, or possibly from an external source behind the viewer. (Beit Rothschild Gallery) (10 Feb. 7, 11-5; 7:30-10:30 p.m.).

"Chromo Plastiques" — In the first instance pink shadowed cubes and in the second, green shadowed tilted squares; and Eral's subdued grey pictures in squares, a cross or parallel lines. The medium, however, quickly passes to the sculptural. Again, while presenting those of paintings changing with the viewer's angle, also has his typical open sculpture, of which the novelty is a bowl arrangement made from separate gold plated bars. Equally typical are Argov's multiple, variously black and white cubes lined cube and another piece of many coloured cubes, crosswise in a feature appearing, but not a certain kind of jelly sweets. The great advantage of kinetic art lies in it being so in movement and turning on when in space. In addition it is linked to the spirit of the age by its technological cleanliness and often scientific inspiration. Schoeller's metal frame bearing circular discs towards the top, "Chro-

A decade of Raffi Lavie

by Meir Ronnen

RAFFI LAVIE'S 21 paintings now on show at the Israel Museum, all made over the last decade, form one of the most thought-provoking shows by an Israeli painter ever seen at this venue. There is a strange quality of starkness, perhaps stark honesty, that forces the viewer into an immediate confrontation with the paintings, and demands of him an immediate reaction. There is also something starkly chilling about a remorselessly logical development in the chronological layout of the exhibits: a steady progression from "painterly" abstract-expressionism to a seemingly nihilist negation of painting itself. The catalogue, which contains some excellent reproductions, points up the artist's uncanny sense of graphic composition — he is not a colourist though he uses colour with great taste — and many of the compositions look better reproduced in monochrome. But apart from a somewhat impenetrable foreword about the artist's approach, the equally stark catalogue offers no information other than that he was born in 1937.

INFLUENTIAL FORCE — One knows, however, that Raffi is a tremendously influential force in Tel Aviv art circles and an enthusiastic private teacher, who also has some imitators of his style and use of materials. Unaccountably, he is also the only Israeli artist known by his first name: nobody would dream of referring to a painting by Lavie. But you can spot a "classic" Raffi a mile off: pinks, browns, oranges and whites, overdrawn with child-like figures or engraved, graffiti, with calligraphic doodles. Despite his affinities with Dubuffet (and later Raffi was using old posters Arch. Nikel and Zaritzky on the other (he has affinities with elements of all three) Raffi is a great individual. He is very much his own man and his singular ability to set his own stamp on his work is one of the chief elements in his success. The "infantile" motifs of the



Composition from 1968 (oil and pencil on canvas) by Raffi Lavie.

sixties should no longer shock the viewer familiar with the direction painting and sculpture has taken over the last five decades. A noble subject is no longer the secret of nobility, a quality achieved today with even "found" objects, if they are combined in an imaginative, original, creative manner. It is the quality of the act of creation that imparts a feeling of fitness and value to a work of art. Thanks to his impeccable graphic taste and fine feeling for surface textures, Raffi usually achieves a feeling of imaginative creation with ease.

USE OF COLLAGE — The paintings are often combined with collage, which first made its appearance in his work almost as a stroke of colour. A few years later Raffi was using old posters as a major graphic element and later even simple photographic images from tourist brochures. These photos are sometimes torn and combined with patterns of dabs of colour but later they assume a major importance in the frame. Eventually, they are brushed over Flecher of the Israel Museum.

move," not by its name alone, dignified suggests a metal genetic model. Vardane's boxes within boxes and Boto's use of reflectors put them both also in the category of light sculpture. Then there is the super-occupation of space when Boto's unframed "Karlo," its name describing a ring offset by many thin external rods, galas a soft repeat by casting its shadow on a white wall, like Schoeller's entry. Lo Pare has his characteristic serpentine wriggling hand, here a closed ring, there a shaking vertical strip, in red bands on white, in a continuous movement able to arouse an emotional reaction. Eisenmann's "Sculptural Game," three rounded cylinders, resembling pills or a certain kind of jelly sweets, in red, white and green respectively, vibrating to the touch, imparts a light humour to the show; and Shavit's (also represented among the abstract sculpture) red-lined crystal ball standing on an orange foundation gives life to the similar idea in his prints. (Goldman's Gallery) (H.).

ISRAELI GRAPHICS — The Museum's most recent local acquisitions, extremely well selected and running the entire gamut of human emotions. (Museum Modern Art) (10 Feb. 10).

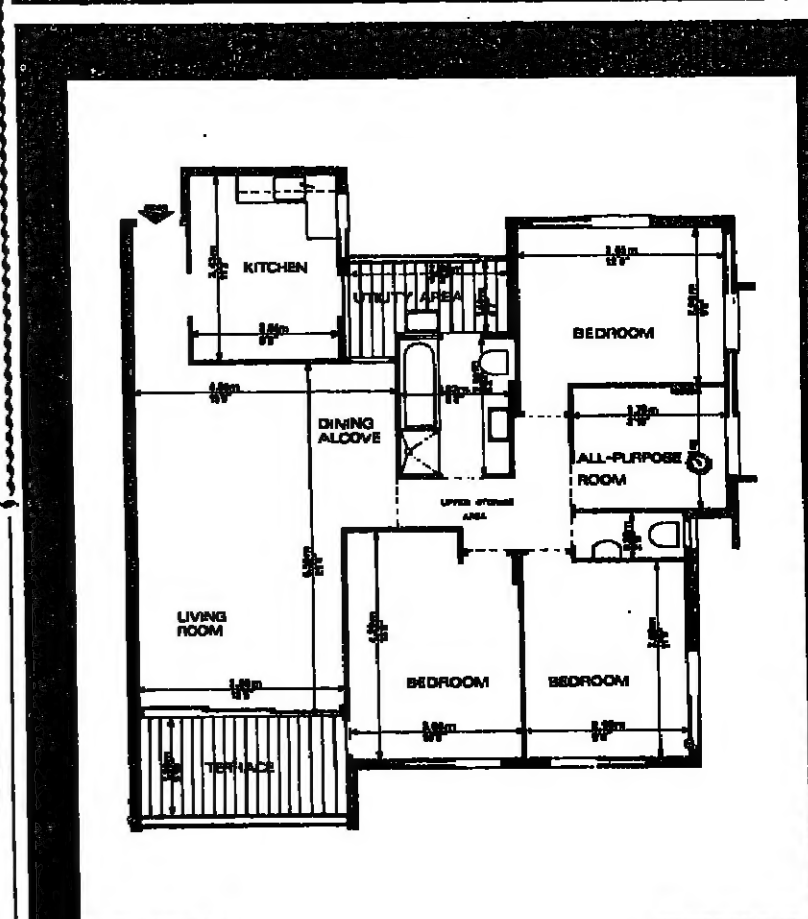
"THE ART OF WRITING" — A UNESCO educational exhibition which has long been around and already seen at Haifa and elsewhere. (Museum of Modern Art) (10 Feb. 10).

J. WEISSENBERG — Cloth collage of a modified expressionism, equally executed. Some oils and acrylics. (Hagofen Gallery) (10 Feb. 4).

CARMELA GATF — Efficiently handled oils but trusts more, in most cases, to her imagination rather than observation. (Danya Gallery) (10 Feb. 3).

BEERSHEBA — TITR YAKILIS — Skilled works by father and two sons, Israel's most prolific painting family (Beit Naam) (10 Feb. 21).

EIN HAROD — CALENDARS FROM MANY LANDS PAST AND PRESENT — (Mikhael Leomassud).



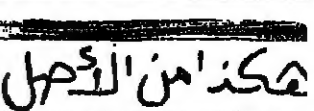
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English Subtitles

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Commencing Saturday, January 27, at 7.00 p.m. and 9.00 p.m.
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In Andre Cayatte's
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George Lautner's most exciting film
IL ETAIT UN FOIS UN FLIC...
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One of the greatest and most successful films
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STANLEY KUBRICK presents
MALCOLM McDOWELL
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6 performances
one-stop from Friday

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2nd week
Jack Lemmon directs
Walter Matthau stars
in a most enjoyable and emotional film
KOTCH
In Colour
Perf. at 6.45-9.00

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LILIAN SMITH
BARRY HAMILTON
THE LOSERS

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2nd week
7.15-9.30
ONE IS A LONELY NUMBER
JANET LEIGH
MELVIN DOUGLAS

LILI Tel. 721913
SOFIA LOREN
MARCELLO MASTROIANI
in Vittorio de Sica's
Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow
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RAMA Tel. 721913
2nd week
7.15-9.30
The greatest psycho-sex film
THE OBSESSIONS
Adults only - in colour

ORDA Tel. 721720
2nd week
7.15-9.30
The story of a young man whose principal interests are rape, ultra-violence and death
THE SLAVES OF SOLE

ORION Tel. 525959
3rd week
A film of suspense in colour
THEY CALL ME HALLELUYAH
In colour - No compl. tickets
Six nonstop perf. from Friday

ORION Tel. 525959
3rd week
A film of suspense in colour
THEY CALL ME HALLELUYAH
In colour - No compl. tickets
Six nonstop perf. from Friday

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The POSTER

Theatre

ANNE FRANK (Children's and Youth Theatre) - The story of a Jewish girl living in Amsterdam during the Nazi occupation. TEL AVIV (Haifa) Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., 8.00, Wed. 11 a.m.

RACHAEL FLAT - (Nahla Theatre) An adaptation of an old Hebrew play (Come Blow Your Horn) based on "An Israeli Comedy". The story of a playboy and his would-be playboy brother is presented in a vulgar manner by a poor cast wailing under a poor director. TEL AVIV (Haifa) Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., 8.00, Wed. 11 a.m.

THE CORAL KING (Children's and Youth Theatre) - The story of a Jewish girl living in Amsterdam during the Nazi occupation. TEL AVIV (Haifa) Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., 8.00, Wed. 11 a.m.

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Opera

The Israeli National Opera presents: "The Taming of the Shrew" by Christopher Marlowe. TEL AVIV (Haifa) Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., 8.00, Wed. 11 a.m.

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Cinema

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE - Polish and amusing dialogue, without a trace of mawkishness, this blind boy meets girl story.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE - Kubrick's ultimate in sex and sadism might leave non-addicts of violence cold. COOL BREEZE - Another in the series of "Shav" initiators, this black crime-thriller is nevertheless strong in characterization.

THE SALZBURG CONNECTION - Below average espionage tale.

THE SEVEN MINUTES - An obscenity trial is the main event in this film, directed in distinctly bad taste.

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY - Film and counter-film interweave in this brilliantly understated drama of interpersonal relationships.

FRENZY - Hitchcock at his macabre best in this thriller about a sex pervert on the rampage.

THE GODFATHER - An excess of blood and gore impairs this finely made film about organized crime in the U.S.

THE INVINCIBLE BOXER - Hong-kong production of a city shows sharp contrast.

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW - Acting couldn't be better, as director Peter Bogdanovich succeeds in weaving a compelling story about uninteresting events in a small town in Texas.

MINUTE AND MORKOWITZ - Or best comedy with credible characters, some observation, good acting. Written and directed by John Cassavetes.

THE NEW CENTURIONS - World-hitting, realistic portrayal of three Los Angeles policemen.

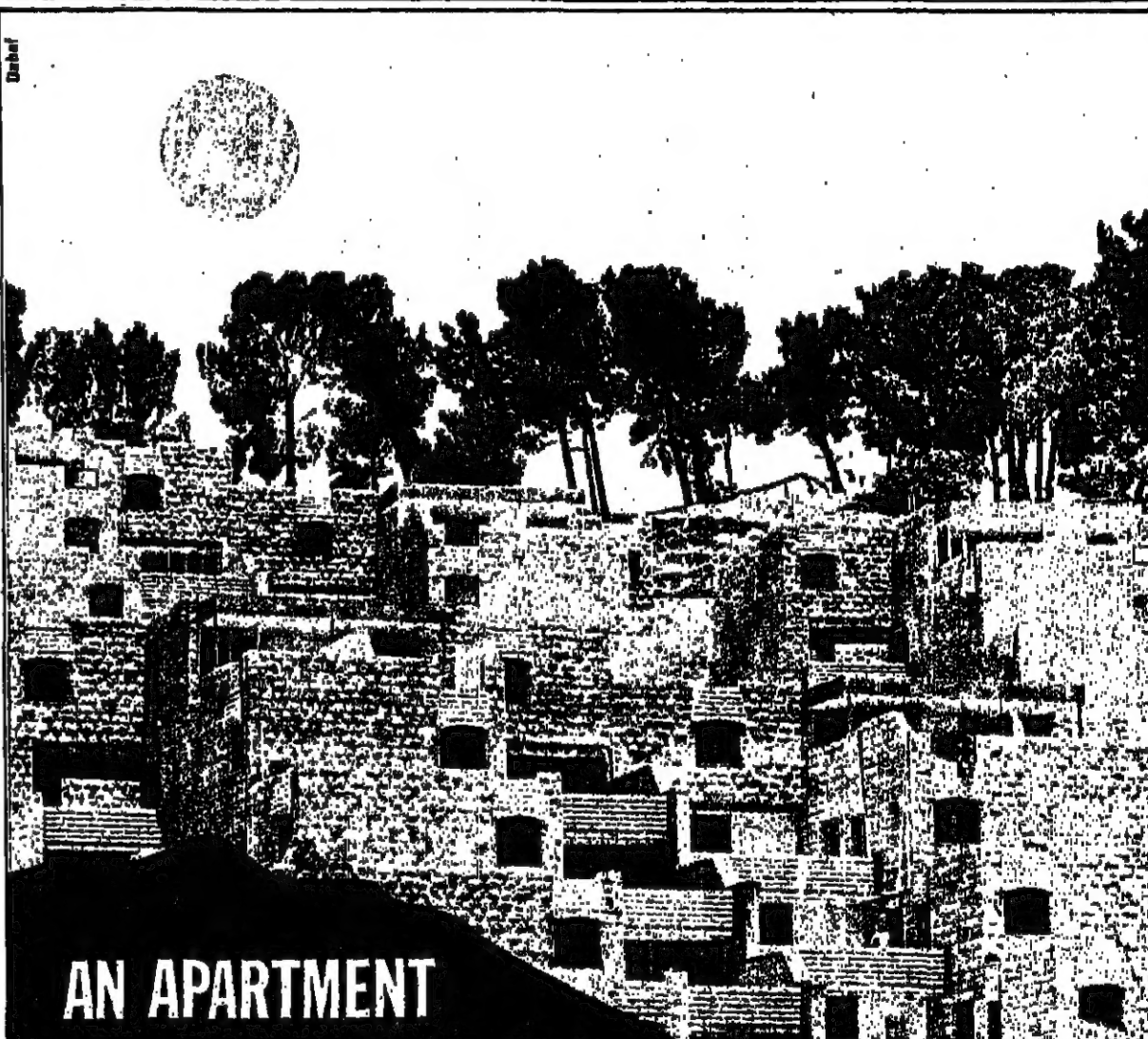
ONE IS A LONELY NUMBER - Stereotyped view of a broken marriage.

Forums and Talks

LECTURE - "The Miracle Achieved by Volunteers," by founder and president of Israel Rhammatio Fever Society, Mrs. E. Elshah. Monday, 4 p.m., AAOI Senior Meeting, Moadon Haaleh, Jerusalem.

Dance

RAVSHVA DANCE CO. - programmes: Mountain - John Butler, Three Out of Me - Linda Rubin, Lyric Splashes - Mirale Sharon, Mordecai - Martha Graham, Devotion of Angels - Martha Graham, REVERSHVA (Keren) Mon.



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